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BABY SLEEPS.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Baby sleeps! O, evening star—
No brighter than his eyes—
Look down in silence from afar,
Enshrined in distant skies,
And o'er his sleep sweet vigils keep,
That nought his rest may mar.
Oh! gentle dew, thy bright tears weep,
And still each zephyr's sighs.
For baby sleeps!
He sleeps! he sleeps!

E'en mother's love must silence keep.
The winds breathe not a sound;
Soft summer showers gently weep
Above the emerald ground.
Each nightingale must softly sing;
The wild waves of the sea
Lest noisily their arms should fling
Around the rocky quay.
For baby sleeps!
He sleeps! he sleeps!

The Rose and Thorn

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," "ONLY ONE LOVE,"

CHAPTER V.

SHE stood there waiting for Blanche to return, smoothing her long black gloves caressingly, with an eager expression of pleasure in her eyes, her lips slightly parted with the joy of anticipation. And that was how Jack found her when he came rushing into the room in search of something.

When he saw her standing motionless in her soft white draperies, he paused; for a moment he was startled, then he hurried towards her.

"Oh, Dandie, Dandie—how lovely you are!" he cried impetuously, and, putting his arms round her, he kissed her.

The blood rushed to Dandie's face, even mounting to the rings of bright brown hair on her temples.

"Oh, Jack," she faltered breathlessly, as she quickly disengaged herself from his embrace, "what made you do that?"

Jack had the grace to look ashamed of himself, and he even blushed.

"I beg your pardon, dear," he said penitently; "but you look so bewitching in that 'get-up' that I was quite overcome! Don't be angry with me, Dandie! You would forgive me if you knew how dearly I love you!"

Then Blanche came in and carried Dandie off, being too hurried to notice that anything unusual had happened. And Jack managed to whisper in Dandie's ear as they went down the passage:

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to have a dance with you during the first part of the evening, sweetheart, I have so many duty dances to get through; but will you save me the last waltz but one? And, Dandie"—in a still lower tone—"I meant what I said just now, dear, and I shall come down to the rectory quite early to-morrow and have it out with Mr. Gray!"

No wonder that Dandie entered the ball-room with such a radiant look in her eyes! Colonel de Briant was more charmed than ever by her bright girlish beauty; though, had he known the immediate cause of her increased attractiveness, it is doubtful if it would have been the source of so much pleasure to him.

As it was, the Colonel hovered about her all the evening, thereby bringing many a meaning smile to the faces of those learned in matrimonial affairs. Dandie was too innocent to guess what the significant glances meant. De Briant knew well enough, but he did not mind it in the least; in fact, he rather rejoiced at this early opportunity of making his intentions public, as it might have the effect of keeping others at a distance.

He did not get more than the three orthodox dances, however, because, as soon as he had scribbled his initials opposite to them, Dandie's card was in such request that it was soon filled up to the very last. Before relinquishing it she had put a cross against the last waltz but one, and laughingly refused to let any one write his name opposite to it.

"Miss Gaspard," said Lord Winton, with mock severity, "I shall watch anxiously to see who is the lucky person so highly favored as to have a dance reserved for him by you, when I have not been able to secure one at all; and, if he is under eighty, I will demand personal satisfaction. Seriously though," continued his lordship, in a more earnest tone, "can't you manage to put off this gentleman who won't write his name on your card, and let me have that dance?"

"But he would put his name down on my card if he had the time to get across to me," said Dandie innocently. "It is only because he is so fully occupied that I put that cross there. I promised to save that dance for Mr. Speight, Lord Winton; I don't think it would be fair to let any one else take it."

"I am subdued," answered Lord Winton, with a smile and a bow; "I don't mind being conquered, so long as my conqueror is no less a person than the king of the revels himself."

One little matter occurred during the evening that gave a dash of bitterness to what would have otherwise been Dandie's perfect enjoyment.

In spite of murmuring fountains, huge blocks of ice placed in every available recess, and numerous other contrivances for the cooling of the atmosphere, the rooms became very hot in the close July night. The moonlight looked temptingly cool, as seen through the half-shrouded windows, and between the dances the younger members of the company sauntered out into the open air.

De Briant after his second dance with Dandie, managed, in some inexplicable fashion, to get her away from the crowd, and down to the farther end of the long range of conservatories, where the light was dim.

They sat quite silent for a short time, and de Briant, leaning forward with his head resting on one hand, while he waved Dandie's fan slowly with the other, took in each detail of the girl's beauty admiringly as she reclined in the low cane chair by his side.

"Do you know he said presently, "I am thinking of coming down here again in the autumn?"

"Yes?" said Dandie politely.

"I have been hearing great things of the hunting in this neighborhood, and I shall bring my horses down and see if it is as good as it is represented to be."

"Oh, yes; we are great hunting people about here! I don't think you will be disappointed."

"Do you hunt, Miss Gaspard?"

"I?"—in a tone of the greatest surprise. "Dear me, no! I walk to the meet now and then, if it is not too far off, and if I can spare the time; but I have no horse and I never learned to ride."

"Would you like to?"

"Well, as far as I can tell without having tried, I think I should. I fancy a gallop across country must be lovely."

"I have a horse that would carry you beautifully. When I come down in November, will you let me give you a few lessons? If you like it you will learn in no time."

"You are very kind," said Dandie, instinctively feeling that there was something dangerous hidden behind this offer, though she could not imagine what danger there could be; "but there are two or three things that would prevent my accepting your kindness."

"To begin with?" he said interogatively.

"To begin with, as I have never ridden, I naturally have no riding appointments. And then," she continued hurriedly, as though she wished to avoid comment on this point, "it would be a waste of time to learn to ride, when I am not likely to be able to cultivate the accomplishment in the future."

"I see," remarked de Briant, toying thoughtfully with her fan as he spoke. Then he closed it with a click, and looked up into her face as if he had suddenly formed a resolution. "I wish you would give me the privilege of making good both deficiencies!" he said quietly and calmly.

"But how could I, Colonel de Briant?" she asked wonderingly. "Besides, what could I do with a horse? I could not keep him on the Rectory lawn, you know! You can't mean what you say; you are only making fun of me!"

"I do mean it, very earnestly," he answered, still in the same quiet way; "only you don't quite understand what I mean. Will you give me the privilege of fulfilling your every wish? Will you be my wife, Miss Gaspaird?

Dandie's face for a moment expressed the utmost surprise and consternation. Then he said—

"Oh, I am so sorry! I hope you don't like me very much, because I can't do as you wish—I can't, indeed!"

There was a short pause, during which de Briant called himself some very hard names, and anathematised his own stupidity for allowing his feelings to master his discretion, while Dandie sat in miserable silence. Presently he offered her his arm, and said—

"You must excuse my folly, Miss Gaspard, for putting such a question to you after so very short an acquaintance, for you could not possibly know enough of me in ten days to give an answer to such a question. I hope that by-and-by we may get to know each other better."

This was the one bitter drop in Dandie's cup of happiness. That last sentence of the Colonel's seemed to indicate an intention of renewing his offer at some future time, and yet the intention was not expressed clearly enough to give her a chance of resenting it.

Later on in the evening however, her fears were dispelled, for the Colonel was so self-possessed and pleasant when he came up for his last dance that she concluded the proposal had been nothing more than a sudden whim on his part, and that he would soon get over it.

She would not have felt so much at ease if she had seen him in the broad daylight of the summer morning, pacing up and down his room, with a determined look on his face, while she muttered—

"What a confounded fool I've been over this business! After deciding in my own mind that I had no chance while the youthful love was on the scene, I let my feelings run away with me, and spoiled my chance for ever by inviting comparison with the good-looking young fellows who are just now filling her head with very folly! Well, I shall have to work uphill now! Young Speight will have joined his regiment before I come down again, and I shall at least have a fairer field then than I have at present."

In this spirit of mind he continued his reflections; his thoughts passed over other methods and better ones, by means of which he could have arrived at the consummation of his hopes.

CHAPTER VI.

"My dear John, you must be mad to think of such a thing! Why, you are barely more than children——"

"I can wait, sir——"

"Tut-tut; don't be so impetuous, but hear me out! Even if you were both of you five or six years older, there would be obstacles. What do you think your father would say at the notion of your marrying a penniless little girl who does not even know who her father was?"

"But I don't want money with my wife, Mr. Gray. Surely my father is rich enough to enable me to put aside all thoughts of money in choosing a wife."

"I dare say he is," said Mr. Gray, putting his hand upon Jack's shoulder kindly; "but the chances are that he will take a different view of the matter. Besides Dandie promised her mother that she would not marry until she was twenty-one, and had taken legal advice on some papers which I have in custody for her. So you see the whole thing is out of the question."

"I would wait gladly——"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow! Come back in four year's time and begin all over again, if you still feel inclined; but don't talk about waiting. That is very foolish. Why, you will have had half a dozen sweethearts by the time Dandie is twenty-one!"

Jack flushed and bit viciously his moustache for a moment; then he replied—

"As you are inclined to look upon the whole thing as an amusing farce, it would be useless for me make any protestation as to my feelings—you would only laugh at me; but, please Heaven, if I come home safe and sound from this bother in India, you shall confess that there was something more in me than you gave me credit for! As a last favor, before I leave, will you let me see Dandie, just for ten minutes?"

Mr. Gray hesitated. The self-control displayed in that last speech had roused his sympathy more than the wildest protestations would have done.

"If you will promise me that you will not attempt to bind her in any way whatever, you shall see her," he said. "But understand, I trust to your honor not to extort any promise from the child."

Jack put out his hand silently, and, after shaking it heartily, Mr. Gray left the room.

Two minutes afterwards Dandie, came in, looking a little tired from want of rest. She had been so excited by the events of the previous night that when she went to bed by daylight she could not sleep, but lay there listening to the morning merry-making among the birds, and going over the wonderful incidents of the last few hours again and again. So now, although she looked eager and happy, there were unusual shadows beneath her eyes, and she looked rather pale.

"Dandie, my darling," cried Jack, taking her in his arms and holding her closely to him, "have they told you?"

"Told me what, Jack? Mr. Gray told me you were here and wanted to speak to me—that is all."

"Oh my dear—my dear! I am going away from you, and no one can tell if I shall ever see you again!"

"Oh, Jack!" said Dandie, letting her head rest on his shoulder, and holding his hand tightly.

They stood so for a few moments, until Dandie had conquered her inclination to cry; then she raised her head and said—

"Now tell me all about it."

"I received orders this morning to join immediately," he answered. "I thought I should have had two or three months down here with you; but they are sending

more men out for this Afghanistan business, so my leave is unexpectedly shortened."

"Are—you—going to India then?"—with a little catch in her voice.

Jack answered by a nod, and then Dandie put up her hands and drew down his face and kissed it.

"My darling," cried Jack, "isn't it cruel? If it had only happened before I came back home, before we had seen and loved each other, I should have been so proud and happy about it; now I wish I had never—— No, I don't wish that either," he said, checking himself suddenly, "but it is so hard to leave you just when we have found out how dear we are to each other! Mr. Gray won't hear of an engagement between us, Dandie; he says we are both too young to be bound by promises, and he seems to think that we are likely to change our minds half a dozen times before you are twenty-one——"

"Oh!"—very eloquently from Dandie.

"Yes: of course I know it is impossible," agreed Jack; "but, though there is to be no actual promise between us, and though you are to be left free to change your mind if you chose, I want you to know that I shall always love you as I do now, and that, if am spared, I shall come to you in four years' time—if you are still free—and ask you to be my wife. I'm going to tell the governor all about it as soon as I get back. Mr. Gray seems to think he'll ride roughshod over it; but I don't think he will. He would hardly send me off on such a journey with a good bullying. Besides, there's nothing wrong in our loving each other."

"Jack," said Dandie timidly, "I'm afraid of your father. I don't know why, unless it is because my mother was, and I got the idea from her; she was terribly afraid of him. Do you think you need say anything about our caring for each other? Let us keep it shut up in our own hearts until you come back."

"Why, Dandie, I didn't think you were a coward!" answered Jack playfully, smoothing her hair gently as he spoke. "Don't you see, dear, that I want my people to be extra kind to you while I am away? Though we are not actually engaged, I want you to know that there is a home for you at the Hall if anything should happen to the Grays while I am away. Oh, Dandie, it is hard to leave you, dear—so alone in the world as you are!"

"You must not let that thought make you unhappy, Jack; you have plenty to trouble you just now without worrying yourself about me. I am sure to get along all right, somehow, dear."

"And you will always send me messages in Blanche's letters—won't you?"

"If she will let me!"

"Oh, Blanche is all right! I told her what I was coming down here for, and she was delighted. She said she would rather have you for a sister-in-law than any girl she knows. And now, Dandie, I must rush off. I go up by the 2:30, and I have heaps of things to look after yet."

And so it happened that, in the hurry and confusion of this sudden good-bye, Jack left without hearing from Dandie of Colonel de Briant's offer.

Dandie cried a good deal after Jack had gone. Four years seemed an eternity to her. And then, again, there were the awful chances of war! But by-and-by she dried her eyes, and went down-stairs, and worked bravely at her household duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray had decided that the best plan would be not to talk about this love-affair to the child. They looked upon it as merely a boy-and-girl fancy, and, they argued, Dandie would be sure to forget it all the sooner if they kept silence on the subject.

At about four in the afternoon a servant brought a note from Mr. Speight to Mr. Gray, asking that gentleman to go up to the Hall at once, if possible and to bring Miss Gaspard with him.

Mr. Gray's countenance fell when he read the note; he anticipated a very disagreeable scene for Dandie. However, there was nothing for it but to face the unpleasantness boldly; so he called Dandie, told her to put on her hat, and off they started.

"Now, you are not to be frightened, Dandie," he said, when they had reached the Hall; "you have done nothing wrong, my dear, and therefore no one has any right to make you unhappy."

Nevertheless, remembering her mother's fear of Mr. Speight, Dandie trembled exceedingly as she followed Mr. Gray into the library.

"Good afternoon Mr. Gray!" said Mr. Speight politely, looking up as they entered—he was seated before a writing table; "I am much obliged to you for your prompt reply to my note. Good afternoon, Miss Gaspard! Sit down, please."

There was silence for a few moments, while Dandie took the chair which Mr. Gray had placed for her. Then Mr. Speight turned sharply and suddenly towards Mr. Gray.

"I suppose you know something of the matter about which I have sent for you," he said. "My son told me he had been to see you this morning, and had made you acquainted with his absurd folly."

"Yes," replied Mr. Gray quietly; "I guessed your wish to see Miss Gaspard and myself had something to do with the attachment which has sprung up between these two young people."

"Attachment!" sneered Mr. Speight. "For Heaven's sake don't signify such folly by giving it so sensible a name!"

Mr. Gray felt ruffled at exception being taken to his choice of words, and in such an offensive manner, too.

"Well," he said stoutly, "it may seem only a folly to us, with our experience; but there is no doubt that, just at present, it is a very real feeling on their part, and therefore deserving of a certain amount of respect from us."

"Merciful powers," cried Mr. Speight irritably, "you are surely not going to uphold this madness, Gray! Am I to understand that you mean to assist this girl in her artful plans for entrapping my son into marriage, and——"

"One moment, if you please, Speight," interrupted Mr. Gray quietly; "I must insist upon your treating Miss Gaspard with proper respect. You cannot imagine I brought the child here—I, the only friend she has in the world—to be worried and brow-beaten! Therefore——"

"Worried and brow-beaten be hanged, sir!" cried Mr. Speight, losing his self-control; and, rising, he sent his chair flying back against the wall as he brought his hand down violently upon the table. "I see your game now! You mean to hold my son to his engagement with this beggar-girl whom you have picked out of the gutter from charity! You think it will be a fine thing to secure a rich husband for her! You come here and calmly tell me that you mean to countenance this boyish folly!"

Mr. Gray lifted Dandie bodily from her seat at this point, and put her outside the door, bidding her wait until he came to her.

"But you forget," continued the enraged man, "that, though he must inherit the estate, the income is mine—mine by right of having earned every farthing of it! You forget that I am a hale, sound man, only a few years on the wrong side of fifty, and the probabilities are that I shall last at least another twenty years! What is to become of your charity-girl and my son during that time? For, as sure as they get married, so surely will I——"

"Silence!" cried Mr. Gray. "You shall listen to me for a few moments; I will not keep you long. You have acted very foolishly in this business. Nay, listen! You have had your turn; let me have mine now. I never wished this affair to end in a marriage; moreover, I never believed it would so end."

Here Mr. Speight stopped suddenly in in his rapid pacing to and fro, and listened attentively.

"If you had acted as I did—treated the whole thing as a passing folly, refused to to look upon it as serious, but at the same time refrained from any violent exercise of your authority—the chances are that they would both of them have altered their minds long before they ever saw each other again. They are both young, and youthful impressions, we all know, are fleeting. But, instead of this, what have you done? I will tell you. You have lifted these children out of the region of commonplace into that of romance; you have made martyrs of them, cruelly parted by the hand of a tyrant; and, worst of all, you have effectually aroused the obstinacy that exists in every human breast, and through its influence they will persist in loving each other. In addition to this, you have gone out of your way to insult two people who have not deserved such treatment; and I beg you to understand that I decline all further personal intercourse with you, until you choose to apologize to Miss Gaspard and myself for your disgraceful conduct of this afternoon!"

With these words the rector slipped quickly out at the door, and left the crest-fallen tyrant to reflect upon his unseemly conduct.

Mr. Gray took Dandie away at once; he would not even allow her to go to the school-room to "get settled" again, as Blanche expressed it.

But when they were out of sight of the Hall windows he sat down on the grass with her and let her have her cry out, soothing and comforting her the while. Then they went home to the parsonage.

While the girl was upstairs, taking off her hat, Mr. Gray told his wife something of what had happened, at which the good lady was furiously indignant.

When Dandie went to her room that night Susan followed her, and, with an air of the keenest enjoyment, slipped a closely-folded sheet of paper into her hand.

"Sam, one of the stable-helps from the Hall, gave it to me for you, miss," she said "He made me promise to put it in your hands my own self."

Then the girl went out and closed the door gently behind her.

Dandie stood hesitating a minute or two before she read her first love-letter, wondering if it was very wrong to receive it in this secret manner. Perhaps she ought not to read it at all.

Not read it, when it was possible that she might never see the writer again! The mere thought was treachery. She broke the seal and read—

"My dear little Dandie—The governor has behaved like a regular brute! Not that I mind his bullying me; but he says that, as soon as I am off, he will send for you and Mr. Gray, and tell you both what he thinks of you. When he told me this, my helplessness to prevent him made me so mad that I said a good deal more than I should have done, and the consequence was a real shindy. Now, dear, I have not five minutes to spare. Jim is strapping my rugs, and the dog-cart is waiting. But, before I go I must make you understand that this conduct of my father's has quite changed my mind about everything. Since he repudiates you, I consider myself more closely bound to you than ever. He told me to choose between you and him, and I have chosen. In four years time I shall come to you and ask you to be my wife.

"In the mean time I shall not enter my father's house—possibly not return to England. But as soon as you are twenty-one—how I shall long for the slow weeks and months to pass away!—I shall come to you wherever you are; and then, if you are not afraid to marry a poor man—for we shall be poor unless the governor relents—we will get married. Mind, this is my absolute determination, and nothing will ever deter it. I shall send messages by Blanche; in present circumstances, I know Mr. Gray will not allow a personal correspondence. I dont like sending this secretly for your guardian is such a brick; but I cant help myself, if I sent it openly it would not reach you, I fear. Think of me always, as I shall think of you.

"Your faithful JACK.

"P. S.—I enclose Madame Gilette's London address, which she commissioned me to deliver to you.

* * * * * *

The feud between the Hall and the parsonage was maintained with vigor, so far as the men were concerned, although the ladies exchanged cordial glances whenever they got the opportunity.

Blanche even managed to convey two messages from Jack to Dandie, with the assistance of Susan, who was Dandie's chief comfort in this time of trial, as she was the only person to whom the girl dared mention her lover's name,

Dandie felt more lonely at this period of her life than she had ever felt before. She had no one to sympathise with her but the good-natured housemaid and even her sympathy had to be obtained surreptitiously. So Dandie, in spite of her bright nature, grew depressed and morbidly nervous.

She began to believe that everybody was conspiring to prevent her from keeping faith with her lover, and it was while she was in this state that Colonel de Briant made his reappearance with two grooms and a half a dozen horses and took up his quarters for the autumn at the principle village inn.

The event was an awful shock to Dandie. She had not forgotten his remark, after her refusal of him, to the effect that he ought to have waited longer, that he hoped to be more fortunate by-and-by.

Now that he had come to stay at Cloton, she tormented herself by wondering if he meant to propose again, and the fear sprung up in her heart that, now Jack was not here to defend her, this strong willed man might gain some indescribable influence over her and thus compel her to marry him.

She kept out of his sight as much as possible, for she was obliged to meet him every Sunday, for Mrs. Gray often asked him to luncheon on the way home from church, and then he always made a point of walking with Dandie to the Sunday-school afterwards.

At last the crisis arrived. Mr. Gray called her to his study one morning and told her that the Colonel had asked to be allowed to persuade Miss Gaspard to become his wife.

"He has gone to town for a week, and when he comes back he hopes to receive your reply personally. I don't give you a word of advice one way or the other, dear," said Mr. Gray, kindly, "because I think this is a matter of which you must take only the opinion of your heart and head. One thing I will say, though—I believe Colonel de Briant loves you very much, and that he would make you a good, kind husband. Now run away and settle the question with yourself before this day week."

For the next six days Dandie went about looking pale and miserable. At five o'clock on the morning of the seventh day she took her seat in a London train, and was carried away from the only home she had ever known, out into the great world.

CHAPTER VII.

MADAME GILETTE was as good as her word. She was a very rich woman and she was at that age when constant excitement begins to pall; in fact, she was growing tired of public life.

When Dandie made her appearance that dull cold December morning, Madame received her with open arms.

Here was just the thing for which she had been wishing—a new interest in life. She did not ask the girl why she had left her friends so suddenly—she knew it would come out in good time—but she welcomed her warmly, and towards the end of the second day, Dandie told her all about the engagement between herself and Jack; but she never spoke of Colonel de Briant, for fear Madame should take his part.

Madame had written off to Mr. Gray, telling him that Dandie was safe with her, and asking him to allow her to remain for some time.

Dandie also enclosed a penitent little note in which she told the rector how frightened she was of the Colonel and implored him not to betray her whereabouts to that persistent person.

The end of the escapade was that Dandie went off to Italy with Madame Gilette, and no one at Cluton but the Grays knew with whom she was, where she had gone, or anything about her.

Early in the new year Mr. Gray caught a bad fever during one of his visits among his poorer parishioners, and died. He had a presentiment from the first day he took to his bed, that his illness would end fatally, and set about putting his worldly affairs in order.

Among other things, he dictated a letter to Dandie, telling her to call on, or communicate with, Messrs. Tillotson and Sons, Solicitors, of Bath Row, Birmingham, when she attained her majority, as they held some papers left in charge for her by her mother, who had given instructions that they were not to be handed over to her until she was twenty-one.

Dandie received with this letter a postscript, added three days later, which told her of Mr. Gray's death, and her warm loving heart so grieved over the loss of her good friend that she hardly paid any attention to the other information the letter contained.

Madame Gilette set to work in real earnest now. Dandie had the best masters to be obtained in the land of song; but they were not much needed, for the girl was a born singer, and her mother's teaching had done almost all that was necessary in giving her great talent a start in the right direction. Still the two stayed in Italy for more than a year, and Dandie became almost her old self again; her voice strengthened and increased in volume, without losing any of its wonderful flexibility.

At last Madame thought her charge had received sufficient tuition, so she communicated with her old impresario in London, and made arrangements for Dandie to appear in May as Amina in "La Sonnambula," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mademoiselle Fernande—for they had decided she should appear under her own Christian name—made her *entree* on the London operatic stage without any preliminary puffing, and consequently came upon the musical world as a refreshing surprise.

She was a great success, and in one month from her first appearance her face was seen in almost every photographer's shop in London—the truth being that her beauty and youth had quite as much to do with her success as her voice.

It was wonderful how quickly Dandie adapted herself to her changed circumstances. Only three months before she had lived a life of strict retirement, shut up in Madame's Italian villa, seeing no men but

her masters, and scarcely ever going beyond the grounds, unless to sing at some charity concert in Milan, on which occasions Madame chaperoned her, taking care not to allow any one to make her acquaintance.

Now, as one of the successes of the London season, whenever she appeared at a fair or flower-show she was stared at as though she were some remarkable curiosity and Madame Gilette's house was thronged with men anxious to renew their acquaintance with their old favorite, and not averse to making acquaintance with the new one.

Madame was at first a little anxious concerning her *protege;* but Dandie was so quietly self-possessed, so charming and pleasant in her manner, without the slightest levity, that Madame ceased to watch her, and decided in her own mind that the girl was equal to any emergency.

Even amidst all the excitement and flattery of her new life, Dandie's thoughts constantly wandered to those dear old days at Cluton, that glorious spell of bright summer weather, when Jack used to come down and lean over the garden-gate in the early morning, while she snipped off the dead roses from the standards on the little lawn.

She recalled how she used to know he was watching her as she moved from one spot to another, although she never looked at him; she remembered the expression in his eyes when he exclaimed, "Why, it's Dandie!" the afternoon of his return, and, more plainly than all, she recalled the yearning love in his voice when he had cried out, "Oh, my darling—it is hard to leave you—so alone in the world as you are!"

In some way, inexplicable even to herself, these sadly sweet memories seemed to stand like an impassable barrier between her and all other would-be lovers. If among her many admirers one unfortunate man should fancy himself falling in love with her—and many did—and should try to make the fact apparent to her by any of the usual means, she would become so very commonplace in her conversation, would insist so pleasantly on treating the poor fellow's romance as so much amusing nonsense, and fail so entirely to see his real meaning, that he would go away wondering whether the fault were hers or his—whether it was she could not, or she would not, understand what he desired to convey.

And so it happened that, before the end of her first season, Dandie had gained the reputation of being as cold and unimpressionable as an iceberg, and was perhaps sought after all the more eagerly on that account.

It was the last week of the operatic season. Dondon was intensely hot, and everybody, whose engagement would allow it was leaving town. Dandie was to make her "last appearance this season" in "Lucia", and, in spite of the heat, there was a large house to see the new favorite in another *role*. Looking across the footlights during one of the pauses in her part, just above the heads of the orchestra she saw, in the front row of stalls, a face that recalled for the first time her old quiet country life—it was the face of Colonel de Briant.

She started slightly as her eyes met his, and she was almost sure that she saw a look of recognition light up his face. She remembered her old childish fear of this man with a distinct feeling of amusement and she wondered if he had really recognised her.

It seemed improbable, for she had changed wonderfully in the eighteen months that had passed since he last saw her; she was two inches taller and her figure more developed; her eyes too had lost that look of innocent wonderment; in fact, the face had now decided character, where before it had only simple prettiness.

Madame Gilette's charming suite of reception-rooms was generally full on Sunday afternoons from three to seven. And a very pleasant crowd it was that gathered there to sip tea and discuss the latest *on dit*.

On these occasions two or three great ladies generally found their way up to the pretty white house, standing well back behind its lawn and flower-beds.

There would be a row of carriages in the shady row outside the gates, between six and seven o'clock, waiting for their noble owners, who had dropped in for a cup of tea on their way home from the promenade at the Zoo.

There would be a pleasant sprinkling of the literary and artistic world too, for Madame Gilette's sympathies and tastes were universal, and of course the operatic and theatrical divisions were fully represented.

On the Sunday following Dandie's appearance in "Lucia," the rooms were even more crowded than usual.

Every one knew that this would be the farewell gathering this season, as, now that the opera-houses were closed, Mdlle. Fernande would be off at once to seek rest and quiet after the heavy work of the past three months.

Dandie was in the middle drawing-room talking to General Mainwaring, one of her most devoted followers, and his daughter, who enjoyed the reputation of being somewhat of a blue-stocking.

They had been discussing the latest and most hideous monstrosity that had been exhibited on the walls of the Academy this year, Miss Mainwaring upholding the artist's work on the grounds of technical ability, and Dandie arguing hotly that art, to be perfect, must be beautiful.

"I'll just show you how the thing looks without the help of color," she said, and she went across the room to get the "Academy Notes." "Now do you mean to tell me," she said, laying her finger on the small sketch of the picture under discussion, "that anything so hideous as that can be justified on the ground of technical accuracy? It seems to me that such work is just as evil as a man using great mental gifts for a bad purpose, rather than a good. The gift is there, whichever way he employs it; but the evil use of it cannot be excused simply because he is a clever man instead of a fool!"

"Excellent!" cried the General approvingly. "Your argument is sound, Mademoiselle!"

Dandie, standing there with the book in her hand, laughed and blushed, and thought perhaps she had been rather too warm in her expression of opinion.

"It's very merciful of you to back me up, seeing that I'm the weaker party, General," she said. "Of course Miss Mainwaring knows exactly what she is talking about, and I do not; I only speak as I feel. If you were to begin to ply me with facts," she added meekly, turning to the young lady, "I should collapse directly, so we'll agree to differ."

Then Dandie turned to replace the little book on a cabinet near her, and, as she resumed her former position, she met the steady glance of a pair of dark eyes watching her over the heads of the crowd. A smile parted the man's lips, showing a gleam of white teeth under a heavy brown moustache, and he inclined his head courteously.

Dandie answered the salutation instinctively; but her heart sank within her as she recognized Colonel de Briant. Two minutes later he had made his way through the crowd to her side, and was shaking hands, showing plainly by his manner how much pleasure the meeting gave him.

"And where have you been hiding yourself all this year, Colonel de Briant?" asked Miss Mainwaring. "Papa heard at the club that you had gone among the cannibals, and fallen a victim to your love of adventure."

"Not quite so bad as that, although I have had one or two narrow shaves since I left Europe. I have been among the North American Indians, and I am longing to relate my adventures, if I can only get a sympathising audience, Miss Mainwaring!"

"How delightful! Come and dine to-night and tell us about it! I promise you any amount of sympathy!"

"I regret to say I cannot accept your invitation. My aunt, Lady Challis has secured me for to-night; I have not seen her for nearly two years, and she is the only relative I possess in the world—otherwise I should have been delighted!"

"And we are going to Cowes to-morrow! How provoking I should have liked beyond everything to hear all about the Choctaws and Sioux from an eye-witness!"

"I am coming to Cowes in August, so I hope it is only a pleasure deferred."

"That is an engagement then! Now, papa, we must find Madame and make our adieux. Good-bye for the present, Mademoiselle. If you want a subject to study during your rest, you should devote yourself to art, regarded strictly as art, apart from mere beauty"

"Thank you," said Dandie, laughing, as she shook hands; "but I mean to go in for nature, and that, you know is always beautiful!"

"What an intolerable woman!" exclaimed the Colonel as he dropped into a chair vacated by the advocate of ugliness. "How do you manage to get along with her?"

"I don't," replied Dandie. "We seldom meet, but there is always a battle when we do. It is such an odd affectation to take up, the worship of the hideous; for it can be nothing but an affectation; no one really prefer ugliness to beauty."

"But you remember the old fable of the 'fox and the grapes'?" asked De Briant. "Miss Mainwaring carries her philosophy a step beyond Reynard's; she not only disparages those good things which she cannot possess, but she extols those unpleasant things which she does possess, until she really persuades herself that it it is an advantage to be a guy, and, like the Pharisee in the Temple, she thanks Heaven she is not as other people are!"

Dandie could not help remarking to herself how easily they had slipped into this semi-confidential intercourse.

It was really astonishing, bearing in mind the circumstances in which they had parted, that there should be no restraint, no sign of self-consciousness between them at this their first meeting since that foolish little escapade of hers.

She wondered if he knew why she had left Cluton in that hare-brained fashion a year and a half ago, and what he would think if she told him she had run away because she was so afraid he would marry her whether she wished it or not.

Things seemed to be very pleasant as they were now; and, if he would be content not to allude to the past at all, she thought he would make rather an agreeable acquaintance.

They went on chatting pleasantly, breaking off now and then to allow Dandie to exchange a few polite words with passing acquaintances. Suddenly, after a short pause, Colonel de Briant asked—

"Have you seen the Cluton people lately? How are they all? I saw Miss Speight at a reception Friday night; but I only had time to touch hands in passing, there was such an awful crowd."

Dandie's cheeks flushed a vivid scarlet; she felt herself blushing and the knowledge deprived her of her presence of mind.

De Briant rose and stood before her.

"I have said something I should have left unsaid," he murmured. "I don't know what it is, but I have distressed you in some way. That is one of the miseries one has to go through when one returns home after a long absence. I am very sorry."

"There is nothing to be sorry for," said Dandie, looking at him frankly, although the color had not quite left her cheeks. "You have said nothing wrong. It was only the sudden mention of Cluton people that disturbed me. I have not seen nor held any communication with them since I—left."

"I am astonished! Was Mr. Gray so harsh?"

"Oh, no—no!" said Dandie quickly. "I did hear from him once or twice; but he died a few months after I left. Mrs. Gray has not written to me since; I think she is living with one of her married daughters, but I am not sure. She was more angry than Mr. Gray, and I don't think she has ever quite forgiven me."

"You certainly gave them all a terrible scare," he remarked, resuming his seat. "Mr. Gray, in particular, was almost out of his mind, until he received a telegram in the middle of the day; that quieted him a little. I suppose it was from you?"

"No; it was from Madame Gilette," replied Dandie.

As she spoke she felt that the Colonel was behaving very well indeed in keeping himself altogether out of the question. He had not made any allusions to his own state of mind on that occasion, which would have been likely to embarrass her.

"And you never hear from Blanche Speight?" he observed thoughtfully. "You seemed such friends in the old days; I am surprised!"

"Well, you see, Mr. Speight and Mr. Gray were not on very friendly terms before I left, and I think it is probable that Blanche never found out where I had gone. I don't suppose they know to this day that Mademoiselle Fernande is Dandie Gaspard."

"Surely they must have heard of it from Madame?"

"No," said Dandie, again blushing; "she promised me she would never say who I was."

"And have you never met any of them in society?"

"No. It is not so wonderful as you seem to think, because I have only been in London three months; and I have been singing so constantly that I have not had much time for society."

"And the son—John, I think, was his name," asked the Colonel, gazing straight out of the window in an absent-minded way as he put the question—"does he also stand off at the sword's point?"

"John is still in India," she answered quietly and steadily. "He had a disagreement with his father before he went away, and I do not think they have been friendly since; at least, I have not heard of his returning home, and I suppose he would have come back if they had been reconciled."

"Of course—I remember now! He received orders to join the very day after the festivities. Yes; I remember too there was some row on. Mrs. Speight was crying when I went to say good-bye to her. John and I came up to town together, and we neither of us were in the best of spirits. And so he has been in India ever since, and you don't know if he is reconciled to his father or not; and your old Cluton friends are ignorant of your triumphs, not knowing what a great lady you have become?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE HORSE A CURIOSITY.—It is said that some of the water-born Venetians—those who have never been to the mainland—have never seen a horse in all their lives. A showman once brought one to a fair and the factory girls and boys paid to see the marvelous curiosity.

TOBACCO.—The leaf of the tobacco grown in Turkey is very much smaller than that of the American varieties, and is of a beautiful golden color. Great care is taken in the cultivation, and it is found that any variation in the manure used—which is goats'-dung—causes a deterioration in the quality of the tobacco.

CHILDREN'S WIGS.—In the reign of Charles II. the hair-dress of the ladies was very elaborate; it was not only curled and frizzed with the nicest art, but set off with certain artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic term of "heart-breakers" and "love-locks." So late as William and Mary, lads, and even children wore wigs, and if they had not wigs, they curled their hair to resemble this fashionable ornament. Women then were the hair-dressers.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.—The lord of the winged race is the friga-e-bird. He is a navigator who never reaches his bourn; his flight seems almost ceaseless. To a bird with such superb wing-apparatus the metaphor "he sleeps upon the storm" almost becomes literal. This black solitary bird is little more than wing, his pinions measuring fifteen feet, even surpassing those of the condor of the Andes. Although sometimes seen four hundred leagues from land, the frigate-bird is said to return every night to his solitary roost.

DIVORCE.—A lecturer told Gotham art students the other evening that he thought "divorce was more common among the Egyptians than with any other people. If an Egyptian wished to divorce his wife, he simply had to tell her that he was tired of her. The husband had to pay alimony for three months after the divorce and the woman was at liberty to marry again. The man might, if he wished, marry the woman a second or a third time, but the Egyptian drew the line at the third marriage. A fourth marriage could be arranged only by the woman first marrying and getting divorced from some other man."

ROSES FOR FENCING.—Experiments have recently been made in Austro-Hungary with various kinds of quick fencing for railways, especially with a view to keep out snowdrifts; and it is stated that choice has fallen on rose-plants, the Rose of Provence be preferred. H fence 6½ feet high and 3¼ feet thick is found sufficient to check snowdrifts. Of course the blooms of the roses are a source of profit as well since they are marketable, and it need not be said that their appearance is delightful. In some parts of the Continent fruit trees are used as fences for railways.

TRADE SECRETS.—Probably the only secret process which has been kept inviolate, and for ages openly defied the world of science, is the iron trade of Russia. The secret of making Russian sheet iron is owned by the Government, and when a workman enters the service he bids a last farewell to his family and friends, and whether he lives or dies, all trace of him is for ever lost. There have been several desperate attempts made to steal or betray the secret, but in every instance it has resulted in the death of the would-be traitor. In one case a letter attached to a kite, which was allowed to escape, was picked up by some peasants, and, despite their protestations that they were unable to read, they were at once put to death by the guards to whom they delivered the letter. It was afterwards decreed that the guards themselves should pass the remainder of their days within the works, and to this day the secret remains as hidden as the philosopher's stone.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

A mother's love is a gushing fount
As wide and deep as the sea,
Pure and unselfish as lilies white
That bloom on the emerald lea.

They give to the zephyrs fragrance sweet,
On the passer they brightly smile,
And gaze on the heavens with beauty replete
That each heart must ever beguile.

But a mother's love is fairer than flowers
And sweeter than roses rare;
It lasts when the flowers drooping die,
It needs neither shelter nor care.

For it clings to the child who wrings her heart,
It lives through sorrow and pain,
Of her very life 'tis a major part,
O'er her soul it must ever reign.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

GEOFFREY HAMILTON was the first to break the silence which followed; he had listened to the confession, at first with startled incredulity, and then with horror.

"I cannot believe it," he said, passionately, wildly, despairingly. "It is too dreadful. Oh, Bell!—oh, my darling!—unsay those terrible words. You are guilty of such a sin as this? Tell me it is not true; you cannot be guilty of such a shameful deed!"

"It is true," she said, faintly. "I have worn the mask long enough. If I have sinned, I have suffered—suffered always; but since I knew that you were innocent, I have suffered such an agony that the rest all seems nothing compared to it!"

"And yet, knowing it, you let me love you?" he groaned. "You should not have let me love you, Bell, knowing the truth."

"You do not yet see the full measure of my sin," the girl answered, in a tone of such intense anguish that it went to his heart, incensed against her though he was, suffering too keenly at the discovery that his idol, which he had deemed of purest gold, had feet of clay. "I tried to make you love me, my mad longing for revenge was not satisfied. You had lost the money, but you bore the loss well—I wanted you to suffer as she had suffered, and that you should do so I tried—yes, I tried to win your love!"

"And you have succeeded," he said passionately; "and you have broken my heart!"

He turned from her with a passionate gesture of pain, and burst into tears. With a little cry of agony the girl sprang to her feet, clasping her hands together.

"What have I done?" she cried wildly. "What have I done? Oh, Geoffrey, forgive me!"

If there had been suffering in his voice, there was anguish in hers; so great, so intense, that it softened even his anger and pain.

When he raised his head he was alone with Bell. Alick Holt had left the room.

He lifted his head and looked at her, this girl whom he had loved and whom he had lifted to so high a place in his heart.

She stood, pale as a broken lily; her hands clasped, her eyes fixed upon him with entreaty, shame, and pity mingled in their lustrous depths; she looked old, worn, haggard — unlike the beautiful, brilliant woman who had waltzed with him a few evenings before, reigning a queen in the brilliant ball room where so many of the upper ten thousand were assembled.

"Bell, Bell!" he exclaimed in bitterest sorrow, and the tears rolled heavily down his cheeks. "Oh, Bell, how could you?"

"I dare not ask you to forgive me," she said tremulously. "My sin against you is greater even than his against her; but your love for me is dead now, and the money of which I robbed you is yours once more. But if you have any pity, you will spare Dorcas, and——"

"As if I could hurt her or you!" he interrupted her passionately. "Besides, the money—what matters it?—it is yours by right, if not by law and——"

"You forget," she said feebly; "she wished me to have it only because she thought you guilty. It is yours by every right. I have not spent much," she continued. "She wished this house and the servants to be retained, and my own income was not enough; and—there—are some poor people whom I have helped, and——"

Her voice sank from very weakness; she was worn out, mind and body; she had reached the limit in bodily strength to the action of pain, she was incapable of feeling or suffering more just then; absolute exhaustion held her, although she stood upright still, her hands clasped, her dim and failing eyesight fixed upon his face.

"I cannot think calmly now," he said after a pause; "this has come on me too suddenly. It is all so cruel, so terrible. I loved you so deeply. Oh, Bell!"—with one despairing burst of passion—"why did you tell me? When you were my wife the restitution would have been made, and——"

There was no doubt in his mind that she loved him, even as he loved her, but he did not love her well enough to take her to his heart now, sin-stained and degraded as she was.

His mind was too shallow to understand that a noble nature may fall into sin, and through repentance and contrition rise to loftier heights of nobility and honor.

He could not understand that, if she had loved him, it would have been as impossible for her to have married him, withholding such a secret from him, as it would have been impossible to come behind him in the darkness and sheathe a dagger in his heart.

She had not loved him, and that bitterest pang of desertion and rejected love was spared her.

Yet, faint and exhausted as she was, the words stung her with a deeper sense of humiliation that he should deem her so unworthy.

Perhaps if she had loved him she herself would have felt her unworthiness and have magnified the gulf her sin had between them.

"You cannot despise me more than I despise myself," she said almost inaudibly. "If there is any atonement——"

"Do you think I want to add to your suffering?" he added passionately. "Oh, Bell, what a cruel fate has come upon us!"

She murmured something, he could not tell what, but her intense pallor, her dim eyes and quivering lips, startled him; he saw she was unfit for any further excitement or agitation, and a great pity overcame his anger against her.

"If I have been harsh, forgive me," he said hurriedly. "Bell, I am sorry. I think you have broken my heart, and yet if it be any comfort to you to hear me say that I forgive you fully and freely, I say it now."

She raised her languid eyes to his face and tried to thank him, but the words were so lowly spoken that he could not hear them; standing beside her, he stooped and lifted one of the little ice-cold hands, and touched it gently with his lips.

Gently, tenderly almost, as the action was performed, it had all the bitterness of a farewell; when he released the little hand it fell heavily at her side, passive and inert.

"You are ill," he said anxiously. "Let me send someone——"

She shook her head feebly, and tried again to thank him, but the white lips were stiff and dumb, and would not obey her will; her eyes followed him as he turned and walked to the door, and rested upon him for a moment ere the door closed after him, then the white lids fell slowly, and hid the lustrous agonized eyes.

A few minutes later, Dorcas, hurrying in, found Bell lying back in her chair, rigid and motionless, and quite insensible.

Her overtaxed strength had failed under the terrible strain of the last few hours.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE next day Bell Stanley and Dorcas Fane left London, and the beautiful heiress vanished, no one knew whither.

She left without seeing Geoffrey Hamilton again, although the young painter was anxious to see her, in order to persuade her to accept half the fortune which the love of her adopted mother would have made here in any event.

Mrs. Hamilton had never really cared for him, he said, and she had loved Bell; if that fatal mistake had not been made she would doubtless have shared her wealth between them; Bell must keep at least half the fortune, Geoffrey argued passionately, sitting in private conclave with Mr. Clark, who, for once in his long professional experience, found himself surprised, confounded, and bewildered.

"She will not accept one farthing from the man she has wronged," Alick Holt said with conviction, and he was right; while in his heart he wondered greatly at the love which, knowing all her penitence, should still have deemed her unworthy; wondered and rejoiced, since he himself, who loved her so truly, might hope to win her for himself.

Quietly as it was all settled, people could not fail to suspect a mystery, but no one knew exactly what it was, and the opinion, almost generally believed, was that a later will of Mrs. Hamilton's had been found, which made her husband's nephew her heir.

The matter would surely have caused more comment had the season not reached its close ere the rumor spread that Miss Hamilton had left Park Lane, but the votaries of fashion, who might have been expected to take most interest, was preparing to take flight to German baths and fashionable watering-places, and although they talked of it, and affected pity for the girl who had returned to her natural obscurity, there was not much real sympathy for Bell.

The girl had been too beautiful to make many friends of her own sex, too proud and reserved to be very popular even with the men who were captivated by her beauty and grace.

Lady Saxby wrote Bell a little note of condolence before leaving town for Trouville, and two or three men about town looked pale and grave for a little while, but among matchmaking mothers and their marriageable daughters the feeling was one of relief and satisfaction that so dangerous a rival had been removed from their path.

At first this relief and satisfaction was somewhat clouded by the remembrance of the devotion which the young artist who, from being an obscure detrimental, had become one of the most eligible partis of the year, had shown for Bell, during that brief season when she had shone like a meteor in the sky or London society, from which she had disappeared so suddenly and entirely.

Might he not feel it incumbent upon him to marry the girl who, by some mistake, fortunately discovered, had inherited the wealth which should really have been his.

But by and by this fear was entirely removed, Mr. Hamilton had gone abroad, where he was going to continue for a time the study of the art to which he was so devoted, and the ex-heiress had vanished as completely as if she had never existed.

One or two men who had known and loved Bell ground their teeth with contempt when they thought that Geoffrey Hamilton's attentions to her had only been mercenary.

If she had listened to them, they told themselves, thinking of the graceful shape, the lustrous eyes, the crimson lips and slow sweet smile of the girl who had charmed them, the mere loss of her fortune would have been no hindrance to their wooing!

And so the nine days wonder came and went, and then some other excitement occurred, which blotted it out of the short and treacherous memories which prevail among the votaries of fashion.

The truth, therefore, was never divulged. No one save Mr. Clark was made acquainted with that sin of Mabel Stanley's life which shadowed and darkened it to its end.

Geoffrey Hamilton, indeed, in his full and complete forgiveness of it, would have kept it a secret even from the old lawyer, but Bell overruled him.

Her penitence was deep and sincere, and no humiliation seemed too great a punishment for her sin; and she herself wrote to Mr. Clark a full confession, which gave the old man a mingled sense of anger, pain, and amazement; anger at the fraud; pain that the child of his old friend, the girl whom he admired, should have fallen so low; and amazement, almost incredulous amazement, at the ease and safety with which the fraud had been accomplished.

"But for the confession," the lawyer said, sitting before writing-table, with amazement, almost amounting to stupefaction, on his handsome, clear-cut face, "it would never have been discovered. Mrs. Mason was dead; if she had lived, her own security would have chained her lips, and the same motive, even apart from her love for Mabel Stanley, would have influenced Mrs. Fane. Mabel Stanley might truly have kept the money only for this tardy atonement. I suppose her conscience awoke suddenly from its sleep."

"There was no other reason, was there?" he added, looking up suddenly at his nephew, who stood by the mantel-piece, leaning his elbow upon it.

"It was not from any fear of discovery?"

"No," Alick answered, not turning his pale and haggered face towards the keen eyes which were so penetrating in their gaze.

"As you say, discovery was impossible. Besides, had it not been so, she knew that she was safe. Hamilton would never have taken my steps to punish her or Mrs. Fane."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Clark, sharply. "She had wronged him seriously."

"Yes, she had wronged him."

"And he would not have resented that wrong?"

"No; or if he resented it, he would not have revenged it."

"He was in love with her, I suppose," Mr. Clark said, dryly. "Why did he not marry her? I suppose his love was not great enough to overlook such a sin as hers! Well, he was quite right; a man wants a true woman for a wife, not one——"

"He could hardly have found a truer woman than she was," the young man said, hurriedly. "Uncle, you, who know the whole story, will surely judge her more leniently. You know the fatal mistake—unavoidable, under the circumstances—which she made, when her heart was broken by her sister's death. Was it any wonder that, when vengeance against the man whom she deemed guilty of that death was within her grasp, she should not wish to make him suffer? She was not in a condition to discern right from wrong; she was maddened, miserable, heart-broken, and, from the moment the deed was done, I am sure she regretted it, and would have undone it if she could. But there was Mrs. Fane, who was implicated, and she dreaded the effects of discovery, and they could not tell that Geoffrey Hamilton was not a cruel man, who would punish the sin they had committed——"

"Is 'cruel' the proper word to use?" Mr. Clark said calmly. "Would not 'just' be a more correct term?"

"There are occasions when justice is synonymous with cruelty," Alick answered hastily. "Uncle, no punishment could have made her suffer more cruelly than did the knowledge that the innocent had, through her, suffered for the guilty. Besides, she was not a happy woman. I think the sin she had committed was always present before her. It haunted her every moment, and that suffering of hers would have expiated a more serious crime."

"Would it? My dear Alick, it is only natural that Mabel's youth and beauty should have some effect on you, and influence your feelings. I am an old man, and impervious to, even to her, fascinations, and yet——"

He paused; then, as he met the young man's sorrowful eyes, he added very quietly—

"And yet I am sorry for the poor child, Alick, almost as sorry as you are yourself."

"Thank you, sir," Alick Holt said gravely; but, simple as the words were, there was a depth of gratitude in them which many a more profuse acknowledgement have lacked.

"And the real culprit goes scot free," Mr. Clark said, after a short silence. "Pauline Stanley's betrayer marries Miss Bradley, and comes into her millions. Poetical justice is not satisfied there, Alick."

"No, sir; but when Hamilton would have told Miss Bradley the story, Bell herself begged him to keep silent."

"And yet it must have cost her something to forego her vengeance," the old lawyer remarked quietly.

"I hope he will treat his wife well."

"Miss Bradley's lawyers are looking sharply after her interest," Alick said smiling.

"Her fortune is being strictly settled upon herself, and under her control. I was going to ask you," he went on quietly, "for a couple of days' leave. I have nothing very important on hand now."

"Certainly! You want a couple of days with the partridges, I suppose? Well, it will do you good; you've been looking haggard and out of sorts."

"It is not that, sir; I wished to go to Dingle!"

"To Dingle?" repeated Mr. Clark, looking up with a start. "Is it possible that——"

He paused. The thought, which had never struck him before, was a strangely unwelcome one.

"It is quite possible," Alick answered gravely and steadily. "Uncle there is but one woman in the world who can make or mar my life! I love Mabel Stanley! I have loved her since the first moment I saw her, and if she cannot return that love, my life will be a lonely one, unblessed by the love of wife and child."

"As mine is," murmured his uncle inaudibly; and a short silence followed.

"I suppose it would be no use refusing my consent?" he said then grimly. "The choice between an old uncle and a young love would be soon made!"

"Such a choice would give me the keenest pain," Alick answered gently. "You will not force me to have to make it, Uncle Unwin?"

"No, I will not," the old man answered quietly. "Repentance, which is such a source of joy to angels, may well blot out sin here on earth! I can see—perhaps that is because I am a lawyer, a hundred feasible arguments the poor girl might have used, not only to excuse, but to justify her sin, and to retain the money which Mrs. Hamilton wished her to have. I think I would rather she had not yielded to the temptation in the first place, Alick, but she has made atonement. You may go to Dingle, and tell her," he added, as Alick, moved, eager, grateful, tried to thank him, "that a daughter's welcome awaits her here."

"If she will come," the young man said tremulously. "I think—I think she will."

"I think so, too," answered Mr. Clark drily, as he resumed his pen and went back to the work which filled his life and left no time in which to discover the void which may or may not have existed in his solitary bachelor existence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT was growing near the dusk of the September day when Alick Holt reached the village of Dingle, and leaving his traveling bag at the one little inn of which the village boasted, walked towards the White House.

It was a fine evening, clear and still, and the lovely landscape — touched by the gorgeous coloring of the most beautiful, if of the saddest, season of the year—was looking its loveliest.

The woods beyond, where Pauline had met her false lover, and wandered with him in that love-dream which had so terrible an ending, were glorious with the tints of autumn; gold, and russet, and yellow, and red, and many a shade of brown had replaced the green tints of the trees, and but few of the leaves had fallen yet.

There was a touch of coldness in the air, which, with the gorgeous hues of the trees, said that the summer was gone, and the dusk was gathering early; the long, light evenings had departed for the year, very soon night would close in where now it was broad daylight.

Alick Holt walked on slowly; the express train by which he had travelled to Chagford had seemed to his impatience to crawl at a snail's pace, but now that his goal was reached he lingered. He wondered how she would receive him, this beautiful, unhappy girl whose young life had been so terribly clouded at first by another's sin and then by her own. Would she accept his love and let him try to make the future brighter than the past had been?

True love—such love as Alick Holt felt for this poor fallen idol—is faithful and changeless.

Had all the world turned against Mabel Stanley and loaded her with scorn and contempt and opprobrium, he would have stood beside her and held to her in unshaken truth and faith and love. Had Geoffrey Hamilton, in righteous anger at her sin, made it public and given her to justice, had she been tried and judged and condemned, Alick, lawyer as he was, respecting the power of the law and its justice would have loved her but the more tenderly and with the greater pity for her suffer-

ing, even while he admitted its justice from a legal point of view.

He had suffered when the knowledge of her sin had come to him as he had never suffered before; it had filled him with horror of the sin and pity for the sinner.

He had felt as if he must put the width of the world between them or he would forget her guilt in his admiration for her beauty, in his love for herself.

If he had done so, distance, absence, separation would have been of no avail save to increase his love, for it was that love which comes "once in a lifetime only!"

He loved her with a love which only a noble nature could feel, with that love to which Mrs. Browning alluded, when she wrote that:

"Those never loved,
Who dreamed that they loved once!"

To him, guilty, she was still a queen, and many a time in his own mind they were together in her guilt, since when he had guessed her secret, he had not divulged it.

Unemotional, self-contained, reserved as he was, he could have fallen at his uncle's feet and blessed him for those few words of his which contained so great a truth.

"Repentance, which is such a source of joy to angels, may well blot out sin here."

He said that to himself more than once, as he walked through the lanes in the fair autumnal dusk.

The Virginia creeper clambering over the porch of the pretty house had donned its richest coloring, and was alone in the sunset glow.

There was no one in sight in the quiet lane when Alick Holt paused, and standing still, looked long and earnestly at the pretty, quaint cottage.

But as he stood, a slight young figure came through the wicket gate, and the young man's heart leaped within him as he recognized Bell.

She came on slowly, not seeing him as he drew back into the shadow of the hedge, and himself unseen, he let his yearning eyes rest upon the face he had hungered and thirsted to see during the weary weeks of these two long months.

She was changed, greatly changed, and the alteration was a sorrowful one; she had lost all the restless, half sorrowful, half smiling beauty which had given so great a charm to her face, there was a settled sadness about the patient mouth which was sad to see in one so young.

She was thinner too, and paler, and she was dressed in black, a sombre, softly-falling gown, which clung closely to her, and was made utterly without ornament.

Alick could not help contrasting it with the rich plush robes which she had worn the last time they met, and which had made her pallor and the fragility of her appearance less apparent.

She walked slowly, heavily, with a lingering step, which did not come from weakness of body, but from heaviness of heart.

But slow as her step was, it was bringing her towards him down the green lane, nearer and nearer, and the young man's heart throbbed fast and furiously.

A moment passed, a moment fraught with anxiety, rapture, and passionate love; then, quite close to him, she lifted up her eyes, and they met his.

The basket she carried fell from her fingers, scattering its wealth of autumn blossoms on the green sward at their feet.

Her face changed; a sudden rapture dispersed its sadness, like the sun suddenly breaking from behind the clouds; for an instant she was young and beautiful again.

"Alick!" she said, in a low voice of music, then staggered, and might have fallen, but that he caught her in his arms, and held her to his beating heart.

For a few moments she rested there, her eyes on his, her mouth parted in a faint, pathetic happy smile, passive, unresisting, her heart throbbing against his, faint in the intense, if unreal, happiness of the moment.

It was so good to see him again. She could not help her joy.

A man parched with long thirst could not put away the cup of cold water held to his lips, neither could Bell put aside this draught of happiness, even though it might turn to bitterest waters ere it had fully passed her lips.

To Alick the bliss of that moment made up for all past suffering.

He had never dreamed that she loved him as he loved her, but he read it now in the sweet, languid, smiling eyes resting on his face, and he could have stood for an hour in that trance of delight, holding that slender form to his heart, looking into those sweet eyes, with his own great love transfiguring his face and making it beautiful and radiant like a young god's.

Bell awoke from that dream. She raised herself feebly from his arm, but she was trembling now from head to foot; the faint, lovely rose-flush had died out of her face, the light faded from her eyes, a great surprise held her dumb; he had come to her as friendship, in pity, and she had betrayed her love.

"You—you startled me," she said unsteadily, trying to laugh, and to force her downcast eyes to meet his. "I thought you were a ghost! I am quite strong now," she whispered with white lips, as he held her still strongly and tenderly within his arms.

"A ghost—called Alick?" he said smiling, as his eyes rested fondly on the sweet, changed face. "I am a substantial ghost, Bell."

"You came upon me so suddenly," she said tremulously. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Holt."

"I prefer 'Alick,'" he said gently.

A faint blush rose in the pale face for a moment, then it faded as the last sunset glow dies out of the western sky.

"There is nothing wrong?" she asked after a moment, releasing herself from his arms and standing erect.

"Must my presence be always associated with something wrong?" he said very gently. "I hope not. I came to see you, Bell."

"It—it was very good," she murmured faintly.

"I have interrupted your walk," he continued, taking her little hand and holding it closely. "Forgive me, I can guess where you were going, and when you have recovered from the start I gave you, shall we go together, dear?"

Without a word she turned and they walked slowly to the White House together.

The hall-door was open; the last rays of the setting sun lingered in the pretty old hall; the house was very still, with that stillness which one associates with death or with some great trouble.

Bell pushed open the drawing-room door and they entered.

The windows were open; the picture of Pauline hung over the mantel-piece—the sweet blue eyes seemed to smile a welcome as Alick entered; and a bowl of late roses on a small table were giving out their evening fragrance lavishly.

Bell sank down on a low chair; the sudden unexpected meeting had startled and unnerved her; besides, she feared, with a positive physical dread, what the next few minutes would bring.

Alick stood, leaning his shoulder against the tall mantel-piece, looking down at her with tenderest love and gladness.

Now that he knew that she loved him, no foolish scruples of hers should part them; he would not leave her again until she had promised to be his wife, and then it would be the happiness of his life to win back the brightness which belonged to her youth.

No formal greeting had passed between them, and it was too late for one now; neither heeded, neither perceived the omission.

The girl sat mute and trembling, until the young man, bending towards and taking the two shaking hands into his, held them in his strong, warm clasp.

"Have you no word of welcome for me, Bell?" he said tenderly. "Am I to believe what those sweet eyes of yours said to me in the lane a moment since, or am I to credit that little cold mouth, which has not spoken a kind word to me yet, save that 'Alick,' which was so pleasant to hear?"

"What can I say to you?" the girl asked faintly. "Why did you come, when the sight of me—of me—must be so painful to you?"

"And yet I came," he answered softly, "to ask you, to entreat you never to let me lose sight of you again."

She looked up, startled, and rose, trying to disengage her hands from his.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! I am not worthy," she said unsteadily, but with more vehemence. "You forget——"

"I forget nothing!" he exclaimed, still holding the little struggling hands. "Bell, from the first moment I saw you I loved you, and I have never ceased to do so!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" she repeated again wildly. "You forget what I am! You forget——"

"When I forget you, Bell, I shall have ceased to exist," he said, with passionate, intense tenderness. "Come to me, darling, and when you are my wife I——"

"I, your wife!" she echoed. "I, who, if I had my deserts, should be in a felon's cell. Must I remind you what you are, Alick, and what I am?"

"You are my love, my life; the one woman in the world for me," he said. "I am the man who loves you more dearly than woman was ever loved before, I think, in all this wide world."

"I am not worthy," she whispered. "Oh leave me! Be merciful!—I am not worthy! Remember how he scorned me! Think how degraded——"

"Bell, are you going, now, for some false and foolish scruple, to break my heart?" he said reproachfully.

She made no answer. He had taken her in his arms again, for she was almost fainting with the passionate joy, and love, and despair which filled her heart, and she rested in them, unresisting, yet unyielding, with the passiveness of utter weakness, while he pleaded with her, as a man would plead for what was dearer to him than very life.

And while she listened, he knew that she was resolute.

Her love for him, greater and deeper than it had ever been, nourished and strengthened by her solitude, so peopled by the recollection of all his goodness to her, forced her to feel herself unworthy of the high honor he laid at her feet.

A woman who had sinned as she had sinned, might love him as she loved him, but she could not be his wife.

Alick read her answer in the despair upon her face, as she lifted her dim eyes to his face.

"Have pity!" she moaned. "I am so weak—spare me!"

"Ah!" he said wildly. "I see that you do not love me! That is why——"

A faint, bitter smile crossed her lips for a moment; she tried feebly to disengage herself from his arms.

"You shall not go!" he cried. "You shall not leave me! Bell, my darling! Bell!"

She was drifting into unconsciousness when the passionate prayer in his voice won her back; she shook off her faintness by a strong effort.

"Yes!" she whispered vaguely, "yes!"

"Can you hear me?" he said eagerly. "Oh, love, forgive me if I am cruel to you, but I cannot lose you. You do love me, do not you? Then why must I go?"

"I am not worthy," she said, more firmly than she had yet spoken. "Yes, I love you. I love you, but of what use is it? Your friends—your uncle——"

A sudden, glad light shone in his haggard, imploring face; he gathered her more closely his heart.

"My uncle told me to tell you that there was a daughter's welcome waiting for you," he said tenderly. "And my mother—who knows all, too, Bell, for I told her myself—said that the second kiss I gave you was to be from her!"

"Alick!"

The incredulous joy on her face was pathetic to see.

"Oh, love!" he said brokenly, "only one thing can separate us, your want of love for me. If you love me, come to me, and make all our hearts so glad and happy in the future that the past shall be blotted out. If you love me, Bell!"

"Ah!" she said softly, in the sweetest whisper, "how can I help loving you?"

"I hope you will not try," he answered, and, stooping, pressed upon the pale and quivering lips the first love-kiss they had ever known; and, with a little, low sob of joy and grief, Bell stepped out of the darkness of loneliness and remorse into the broad, golden light of love.

* * * * * *

Alick Holt has never regretted his marriage.

To him, his wife—sweeter, and better, and nobler for the fiery furnace of remorse and repentance through which she passed—is still a queen among women, and Mr. Clark has never had reason to repent the generous faith in her which made him utter the words which Alick says won this peerless wife for him. Alick himself is a rising man.

He has wealth and influence, and will one day occupy a distinguished position in the public service of his country; but it is neither for her beauty—although it has returned to her—or for her position, that Bell is honored and loved.

The remembrance of the one great sin of her life makes her gentle, patient, generous, and many and many a secret action of kindness and charity might be traced to her.

Geoffrey Hamilton married a pretty, penniless girl, who adores him; his wealth has destroyed his artistic ambition, and his little wife's adoration half pleases, half bores him; still he is happy, and when he meets Mrs. Holt, his manner has a strange deference about it.

He meets Fulton Leclerc, too, occasionally in society; he looks haggard, weary, dissatisfied; he is kind however to his plain, underbred wife, who loves him, and who wonders sometimes why Mr. Hamilton, who was once her husband's intimate friend, should have ceased even to bow to him when they meet.

Dorcas Faue is an old woman now, but her life is no longer haunted by fear; her remorse is necessarily less deep than Mabel's, and she is quite happy, reigning in the nursery in Alick Holt's old fashioned house, where,—while she is very proud of a bright, bold Stanley, who is his eldest son,—she regards, with especial love and tenderness, a yellow-haired little girl who is called Pauline.

And Bell, too, is happy, although she will carry the shadow of her sin about her until her life's end.

It makes her humbler, gentler, in her judgments, more charitable than she might otherwise have been.

He who knows her best, and who remembers her temptation as well as her fall, loves her most deeply, and honors her with highest honor, and she is worthy of that love and that honor. Her sin was great, but equally great was her repentance and her suffering, and while we measure the depth of her fall, let us not forget, as so many are prone to do, the greatness of her temptation and the bitter pangs of her repentance.

[THE END.]

IN OTHER DAYS.

Fashion revolves in cycles. The most grotesque, inconvenient, and disfiguring practices, after first amusing a generation, then disgusting it, and descending from queens to the kitchens, finally disappear, and remain obsolete long enough to be practically forgotten.

Then some caterer for woman's whims dips into the lucky-bag of antiquity, and discovers a long defunct idea, which is rehabilitated; but with a difference, for a resuscitated fashion never arises in the same form it last assumed.

The farthingale of Queen Elizabeth suffered considerable transmutation ere it came to assist in the formality of Queen Charlotte's rigid court, and took yet a different character and contour when it was born anew, and, passing through the progressive stages of starch, rope, horse-hair and whalebone, culminated in the iron bustle, in our own era.

As regards starch, it used to be averred at the time, that the charming wife of a certain governor wore no less than nine stiffly starched skirts at once.

The Queen Charlotte type of hoops or bustle, must have been the least inconvenient—certainly the most manageable. It was so arranged that it could be drawn or folded up under the arms by a hinge device, leaving the wearer's figure in its natural dimensions when entering or sitting in a carriage or crowded theatre.

High heels were another revival, but the latter-day versions of the whim are coarse and clumsy in comparison with the daintier and neater originals worn in the last century, specimens of which in tiny shoes of red morocco, white queen silk, and embroidered black satin, survive among ancestral relics.

The silk and satin shoes have broad straps (continuations of the piece forming sides and back), which were crossed on the front through the (either silver or diamond) buckles which fastened and adorned them.

The heels, higher than any modern ones, and covered with the same material as the shoe, tapered off below the foot to a slender waist, and slightly spread again before touching the floor.

After their meridian height had been attained, they became gradually less, until about 1830, our boots and shoes were perfectly flat in the sole, and we used to think, almost with incredulity, of the possibility of dancing in the heeled shoes of our grandmothers.

Middle-aged ladies who had, in their youth, been accustomed to high heels, looked upon our pretty French slippers with great contempt.

Early in the present century, about midway in the transition state of heels from high to low, the fashionable shoes were very low in front, and the toes quite sharp. A pair of that period were made of fine linen ticking, worked with scarlet silk in herring-bone, or feather-stitch, bound with scarlet, and adorned with little buckles and red tassels.

The preservation of such every-day articles beyond the time of their use was, doubtless, owing to an odor sentiment which haunted and hallowed their embroidery.

Whilst the fair owner was working the stripes, a beau of the period, taking up needle and silk, executed part of the pattern very skillfully, to assist her. How could shoes so distinguished be discarded like their unsanctified, common-place fellows?

Fans, too, waxed and waned as to size, in like manner, and contemporaneously with heels.

I have seen some which are centenarians, and whose airy flirtings and pretty manœuvres may have made soft rhythm with the delicate tapping of those Cinderella shoes, larger than the largest of modern fans.

One of these, a great green one, was used on the promenade to give shade as well as air.

Parasols were then unknown, and the garden fan was as indispensable as the garden hat is now. Tiffany was a much-used material for more dressy fans.

This was a thin, fine, stiffened kind of white silk, and the fans were either ornamented with gold or silver, and spangles, or painted with flowers or other devices, often by the fair owners.

Dress skirts of tiffany were also used, painted round the bottom to a height of twelve or eighteen inches with all varieties of patterns, chiefly festoons and wreaths of flowers.

Formerly fans were not indispensable adjuncts to a ball costume, being more affected by mothers and chaperons, as a mild source of occupation during part of the long hours which those of the number who did not play cards passed, in benevolent martyrdom, on sofas, or in tea rooms, in small talk with friends, also on duty as high priestesses of propriety.

It was essential to decorum, in those former days of long gloves, that the upper part of the arm should be covered, the exposure of an elbow being something "quite too awfully" shocking and indelicate, as I was assured by a very old lady, who, seeing me attired for the evening with short sleeves and the long gloves of the time, pushed down in crumpled folds nearly to the hand, as was then the custom, looked painfully disconcerted and distressed, exclaiming, "My dear! my dear! Bless my heart! Is that the way girls go into company now? How dreadfully improper! Why, when I was young, we wouldn't have allowed a man to see our elbows! Oh dear! oh dear! not for all the world! we would have died first."

GRANMA.

DRESSED IN COMFORT.—"Uneasy," says Shakspeare, "lies the head that wears a crown." But doubly uneasy must have lain the head which, in addition to wearing a crown in theory at all times, actually went to bed night after night in a three-cornered hat. Such, according to trustworthy testimony, was the practice of Frederick the Great, who seems to have contracted the habit during his campaigns. It appears that the king seldom removed his hat save at meals, and very rarely wore anything more resplendent than a uniform which, for age, grease, and general untidiness, would have disgraced the meanest private in the royal army. Once, however, he was persuaded to put on a puce silk coat and small clothes to match, preparatory to going to an open-air fete. In the midst of the festivities His Majesty suddenly retired to a kiosk, summoned his Court Chamberlain, declared that he couldn't stand "these breeches" any longer, sent for his greasy uniform, and dressed himself in it with such angry violence that he split the coat halfway up the back.

A MAIDEN'S TEARS.

BY RITA.

O, when a maiden's soul is stirred
To pity's deepest, last excess,
And, like some lonely, brooding bird,
Folds its bright wings in mournfulness;
And pours its sympathy in sighs,
That sweeten on the rosy lips;
And sends the tears into the eyes,
To flood them with a half eclipse,—
How brighter its veiled beauty shows
Than all the light which joy bestows!
Thus fairer the fair flower appears,
Beneath a dewy fulness bowed;
The moon a double lustre wears,
Within the halo of a cloud.
The music of a maiden's mirth
May be the sweetest sound on earth;
But tears, in love and pity given,
Are welcomer, by far, to Heaven.

EDGED TOOLS.

BY ETHEL M. ARNOLD.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR the next twelve months Cecil was lost to her friends, for she spent the winter roaming about Italy, with a maid for her sole companion; and when the spring came she could not tear herself away from Florence.

And so she stayed on there month after month, till July's heat warned her that the cholera demon would in all probability soon be let loose upon the land; and the end of the month found her in London.

She refused all invitations for August, the Brandons among the number; for she still clung to solitude, and a longing had taken possession of her to blot out these last years of social whirl, and get back to her childhood and enjoy the things she had enjoyed then.

In those old days, when her father and mother were alive, they used to go often in the summer months to a little place near Ryde.

Her mother was not strong enough to go abroad, and she loved the southern feel of the Isle of Wight, and its luxuriant fuchsias and sweet-smelling myrtles.

During all her years of worldly success Cecil had never given a thought to the little sunny, happy place, but as she went about her shopping on those hot July days she seemed suddenly to ache for the scent of the sea and the sight of the wooded shores sloping gently to its edge, and as with her the wish was father to the deed, the first week in August saw her established in the quaint little inn which was all the place could boast.

One morning, about a week after her arrival, she started out for her usual ramble on the sands, threading her way up the little street alive with barefooted children, their shining eyes telling of that eager happiness which was the key-note of the place.

At the top of the hill she turned down a road leading to the sea, bordered on either side by fragrant bay-trees and stately llexes.

It was a delicious morning, warm and fresh; and the sight of the blue sea glinting through the cool green masses of trees seemed to exhilarate her and to give back something of their old elasticity to her step and carriage.

Soon she emerged in full view of the sea, and, still in the shade of the trees, she stood awhile looking straight before her, full of that curious yearning pain which Nature in her most radiant moods seems to produce in her friends and lovers.

We are so limited in our capacity; we look at beauty and think we can comprehend it all; but if by chance even a sunbeam find its way into our hearts, forthwith they ache because they are not large enough to hold it.

Could any of her friends have seen her as she stood there, thinking so indefatigably, they could scarcely have failed to notice a change in her.

For the old imperious look had never come back into her face, but in its stead had come an expression of rest and trust, as though she had found out the shifting nature of the sand on which her old self-confidence had rested, and had after much tribulation found for it a firmer basis—a securer ground.

But there were one or two faint lines in her face which had not been there a year ago; and any one who loved her well would have seen with some sadness the look of yearning in her eyes, as of one who had seen the gates of Heaven open, only, next moment, to be more closely barred.

Still lost in thought, she made her way down on the sands, and walked slowly towards the sea, stooping on her way to set on his legs a little fat boy of some two summers, who in his eagerness to show his nurse a wretched crab he was holding in his hot little outstretched hand had fallen flat in the centre of a pool, and was screaming lustily, without thinking of getting up again.

She stood awhile looking out across the sunlit water, at the white sails of the yachts standing out against the blueness of sea and sky; and when her eyes grew dazzled with the light, she turned and sought relief in the cool greenery of the wooded shore.

A man was coming slowly down the little winding road she had just left, and as she watched him with a kind of vague, unconscious interest, it seemed to her that there was something familiar about the cut of his shoulders and the manner of his gait.

Suddenly her expression lost its vagueness and became intent and eager, and the next moment the blood seemed suddenly to rush from her heart to her head, buzzing in her ears with intolerable noise, while the woods and the sands and the approaching figure seemed all to swim before her eyes; and then before she had time to regain her self-command, and while her breathing was still short and labored, Wentworth was standing at her side, saying in his familiar tones, while he lifted his hat—

"How do you do, Miss Cartwright? Isn't it strange that we should meet here, of all places in the world?"

With a strong effort she controlled her agitation, and the struggle gave some harshness to her voice as she answered, while her eyes looked straight across the sea:

"Is it strange? I don't see why. This is one of the pleasantest places in all England."

"And yet," he said, moving a step back to avoid the incoming tide, "it does seem strange to me to see you here."

"Which means," she said, with a faint touch of bitterness underlying the assumed lightness of her tone, "that I am not capable of appreciating it. Well, that would have been true of me not so very long ago. But lately I have found something which I had long mislaid."

"And that was?——" he asked, with the old mingled expression of deference and scrutiny.

"My simplicity," she answered very gravely.

"And are you glad to have found it? Does it make you happier?" he asked, in a low, eager voice, while his eyes seemed to burn with some hidden feeling.

"Yes," she answered slowly, lifting her eyes for the first time to his; "it makes me happier."

"Then I am glad that you have found it," he answered quietly. "Where are you going? May I walk a little way with you?"

"Yes, if you like," she answered. "I am only going a little way along the shore."

For some minutes they walked together in silence, both busy with their own thoughts.

His old spell was upon her again, and she felt the same powerlessness to resist it.

If any one had told her at any time during the last twelve months that she could have met Murray Wentworth and talked to him as though nothing had happened, she would have laughed the idea to scorn.

But we are really the sport of emotions of which we hardly know the existence; and even if his influence had not reasserted itself again so quickly, a thousand and one other motives would have combined to make her act as she was acting.

As she walked along by his side, life seemed suddenly to have lost its prosaic actuality.

She was moving in a dream, and it was impossible to realise that he was close to her in actual flesh and blood.

Everything was indistinct; it seemed as if her whole being were suspended in mid air, and she was conscious of nothing—neither emotion nor thought.

She neither asked herself why he was there, nor what new element had come into his look and manner—what old element had vanished; and, in spite of all the agony of shame she had suffered since their last meeting, and her constant sense of the utter impossibility of ever seeing him again, she had no thought of the kind now that he was really with her.

The wound seemed all at once to have healed; and she felt none of that burning, tingling sensation she had grown so accustomed to in the last year whenever her mind reverted to that memorable afternoon.

The heart cannot feel beyond a certain point, but grows numb and paralysed in all great moments of emotion.

A party of girls passed them in a boat, singing to the guitar, and the sound seemed miles away; and the shrill shouts of a party of children in all the excitement of a cricket-match scarcely penetrated her mind.

"You've been spending the winter abroad haven't you?" he began presently, for the silence was becoming oppressive.

"Yes, in my beloved Italy," she answered, the sound of his voice seeming to recall her to herself. "Is there any country in the world with such a poignant charm? The very sound of its name seems to send a thrill through one's veins!"

"You are very appreciative;" he said, looking at her with a quiet smile in his eyes.

"I don't see how you know that," she answered lightly, with a touch of her old gaiety. "To say one loves, is merely to raise oneself one step above the level of the beasts that perish. Real appreciation is a thing few of us can lay claim to, I'm afraid; as you would have known if you had seen the tourists in Rome this year!"

"Ah, well! Surely the tourist may be included among the beasts that perish?" he said, laughing.

"Let us turn back now," she said, as they reached a little promontory of seaweed-covered rocks; "this is generally the limit of my wanderings."

And so they turned their steps homewards, wending their way along the sands, and up the shaded road, down the hill to the little inn, talking in the old tone of intimacy as they went about books and pictures, and things of interest to them both, only mutually avoiding all allusion to the Brandons and to Brandonhurst.

Nor did her new-found self-possession leave her till she felt his hand meet hers as he said good-bye to her at the gate.

But she turned quickly round and disappeared through the low old-fashioned door-way so that he could not see, as he stood a moment looking after her, the sudden tumult in her face.

Her agitation was after all only the beginning of the natural reaction which followed upon the removal of his personal influence.

Once away from the magnetism of his voice and the spell of his personality, the tone of their interview seemed to her in retrospect a monstrous impossibility.

Surely it must have been someone else, not Murray Wentworth, she said to herself, with the seething self-contempt peculiar to such occasions, to whom she had waxed drearily facetious on the subjects of tourists, or communicated her guide-book sentiments on the beauties of Rome.

And yet when she tried to cheat herself into thinking it was somebody else, or that she had dreamt it all, she found herself recalling, as though to prove it real, every well-remembered trick of manner, every subtle intonation in his voice, straining her memory in her pathetic longing to remember each insignificant word which had fallen from his lips.

And gradually out of the midst of all this confused crowd of conflicting emotions one great overwhelming feeling shaped itself, and took more definite form and substance than she had ever allowed to it since that day in the meadow.

The knowledge that she loved Murray Wentworth with all the force of her nature seemed every day to burn more deeply into her soul, till the pain and the yearning and the loneliness seemed more than she could bear.

For she deceived herself in no wise about the matter; she loved him absolutely without hope.

That her love should ever be a source of happiness to her seemed out of the question.

Moreover, she had a sort of vague indefinite notion that the ends of justice demanded that she should suffer; for though she could not honestly think herself guilty of Frank Howard's unhappy death, she knew that she had behaved badly to him, and the thought that most men would not have given way as he had in no way palliated her fault in her eyes.

And thus, at all events, she was spared the additional bitterness of feeling that her smart was undeserved.

But in spite of her half-conscious acquiescence in the decrees of fate, she shrank from any unnecessary increase of pain, and so she prayed from her heart that she might not see Wentworth again.

It was a little hard that she should have seen him at all, and lost in a few short minutes all the resignation and fortitude she had taken a year to accumulate; but at all events she would run no risk of meeting him again.

She took practical means to ensure her end, for she went out very seldom, and then either in a boat skirting the distant bays, or a pony-carriage along the winding roads, between hedges sweet with honeysuckle.

Sometimes after dark she would wander down on to the rocks, and sit a long while watching the silver pathway of the moon across the sea, while the soft murmur of the water seemed to soothe the constant gnawing pain at her heart.

And yet in spite of all her efforts to avoid him, as each day came to an end and she had not seen him she felt a pang of disappointment.

Once he called at the hotel, and she was "not at home;" but as she heard the sound of his departing footsteps on the little flagged pathway, the tears rushed to her eyes in spite of herself.

There are few things in life so pathetically absurd as this perpetual mockery of the will by the heart.

One night after dinner she felt more than usually oppressed and unable to breathe in the house; and she made up her mind to go for a longer walk than she generally took, along the sands to a rocky point enclosing one of the distant bays.

The tide was going out, and so she knew that she would not have to hurry back; and the thought of a quiet hour on the rocks away from the aggressively happy inhabitants of the village and from the noise of the barrel-organs seemed infinitely attractive.

She had the sands all to herself as she walked along by the edge of the sea, and there was something mysterious in the dark shadow of the woods at her right which appealed to her curious restless mood.

The point reached, she settled herself on a broad flat rock worn smooth by the friction of the sea, and leant against the stump of a tree which owing to a recent storm had become imbedded in the sand.

The sea was like a lake; the reflection of the revolving lights on the forts and on the lightship stretched right across the water; away over the Solent the lights of Southsea twinkled and shimmered; all was still and silent, save for the occasional plash of oars as some belated boat passed by on its way to the landing-stage.

She had been sitting there some time, now looking straight before her towards the sea, now up into the mysterious depths of the starlit sky, when a sound in the wood at her back startled her painfully and set her heart beating intolerably quick, and then she looked up through a sudden mist of tears to see Murray Wentworth standing on the rocks above her.

"I want to speak to you," he said gravely, ignoring all preliminaries and speaking with the directness of soul to soul. "I have sought you for many days," he went on, stepping down to her side, "and I have found you at last. I must speak now, or I cannot have any rest or peace."

"What is it you have to say to me?" she said, in a low voice. "I am very weary to-night. Cannot it wait awhile?—to-morrow or the next day——"

"No!" he cried, interrupting her with a sudden passion which drove the blood from her heart; "it must be spoken now! at once! before we are either of us an hour older. Will you be patient and listen while I tell you a story?" he went on, while he stepped in front of her and stood leaning on a rock that was higher than the rest.

She could not answer. The passion in his voice and in his eyes filled her with a wonder so great that she had no words at her command, and she bent her head in silence.

"Do you remember," he said presently, after a pause during which he seemed to be laboriously controlling some emotion, "the first night you came to Brandonhurst last year?"

"Yes, I remember," she said, scarcely audibly.

Remember! Was it likely she would ever forget?

"You came down into the drawing-room earlier than usual, if you remember, and found only Millicent and Frances there?"

"Yes, I did; but you were not there. How do you know?" she said wonderingly.

And then, as the memory of the words she had used to the girls that night flashed across her—

"You do not mean—" she began, and then stopped very short, while the blood rushed to her cheeks in hot burning waves.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I mean that I was in the back drawing-room, and that before I could make my presence known to you I had heard every word you said. Don't think I tell you this," he went on gently, a spasm of pain contracting his face at the sight of her distress (for she had buried her face in her hands in an agony of shame), "merely to distress. Heaven forbid now that I should give one moment's unnecessary pain; but I want you to bear it in mind, and try to let it plead with you in my behalf when, after I have told you all that is in my heart, I ask you if you can grant me what I so sorely need and hunger for—your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" she said tremulously, "I have nothing to forgive."

"But you have!" he cried passionately. "So much that I can hardly dare to hope for pardon. But I must tell you my story first, before I ask it. Long before I saw you, I knew you by name, and—well, since it is all so long ago, and it seems so very ludicrous, I may as well say it out—I disliked you in advance—there is no need to say why. When I heard you were coming, my first feeling was repugnance at the thought of meeting you; my next was a vague, undefined wish which resulted in a definite determination as I listened to your words that night. I resolved to devote all my energies of mind and will to gain your love, and if I succeeded, to throw it back upon your hands. Bah! it makes me sick to think what a self-satisfied, canting hypocrite I was! What right had I, of all people in the world, to constitute myself the instrument of God's justice and wrath! It seems, looking back upon it, as though I could never respect myself again. But don't condemn me wholly yet," he cried, in sudden agonized entreaty, misinterpreting a gesture on her part; "hear me to the end. You cannot scorn and hate me more than I do myself!"

"I do not scorn or hate you," she said slowly. "I think you were quite right—do you understand me?—quite right," she went on with quiet persistency; "and I deserved it all. But oh!" with sudden, passionate self-pity, "though I deserved it, surely my punishment was great!"

Her words seemed to overpower him, and he buried his face in his hands for a few moments without speaking; and when he raised it again there was a drawn look of suffering about the mouth which told of his struggle for self-mastery.

"Must you say things like that?" he asked, in a voice in which the pain inflicted by her words still lingered. "I know that they are only my due; but I have suffered a great deal lately, and my powers of endurance seem to have deserted me."

"Won't you finish your story?" she said, with a touch of coldness in her voice—it seemed strange that he should talk to her of suffering. "It is getting late, and I am so tired to-night."

"I will not keep you long—perhaps it is selfish of me to keep you at all; but if you will bear with me a little, he went on humbly, "it would make me happier to tell you all."

"Forgive me," she said gently, touched by his humility; "I did not mean to be unkind. I will listen as long as you wish."

"Well, I did my best to make you care for me," he went on presently, with some difficulty; "and, while I threw myself in your way as much as possible, I thought it was all in obedience to my sacred resolution, for I did not realise for a long while that to be with you was heaven in itself. But gradually the outlines of my purpose began to grow dim and indistinct, and I thought of nothing but how to see you and

hear your voice. But that morning when the telegram came—you know what was in it—it seemed to rouse all my slumbering zeal to a white heat of intensity, and I longed with a strength which, had I been more discerning, might have struck me as exaggerated, to see, before I obeyed its summons, whether I had succeeded in my self-appointed task. . . . It wasn't till after I had left you that afternoon and was on my way to London that I realized I had played with edged tools, and in the agony of my wound I knew that I loved you from the very bottom of my heart, and more every day, every hour I have lived since then. Yet I have done my best to forget you; for, believe me, I have not deceived myself—I knew how odious I must seem in your eyes. But a week ago Mrs. Brandon told me you were here; and it came upon me like a revelation that, if I followed you here, at least I might see you once more, and perhaps hear you say with your own lips that you forgave me. I will go away again at once," he went on pleadingly, "if only I may take your pardon with me, as some comfort in the future. Can you forgive me? I know it is much to ask—but you are kind."

There was silence between them for a while, for she could not trust herself to speak. At length she said quietly, but with a tremor in her voice:

"Yes, if I have anything to forgive, I forgive you from my heart."

"Thank you," he said, very gently, bending down and lifting her hand to his lips. "Good-bye," with the grave solemnity of a man in the act of parting with all he loves most in life. "May all good and happiness attend you always." . . . . "I shall not see you again," he added, releasing her hand and moving a step away from her. "I am going away to-morrow."

"No, you are not going away," she said in a low voice, suddenly rising to her feet as though awakening from a trance.

"Why not?" he said, a little unsteadily, coming a step nearer to her.

"Because I bid you stay," she said gently, but with a touch of her old imperiousness.

"Why?" he whispered, looking up at her with passionate longing, as she stood raised a little above him, beautiful and stately, while the moon fell softly on her golden hair and mingled with the love-light in her eyes. "Oh! my darling, think well before you answer. Why do you bid me stay?"

"Because I love you, and because you know it," she answered, holding out her arms.

And as he held her to his heart, of her own accord she raised her lips to his, as though to seal her words.

[THE END.]

The Misses Lowman.

BY H. B. GRAY.

IN these days, when interest and inquiry are directed towards abnormal mental phenomena, instead of the mere incredulity which most of us can remember so well, a new danger arises to beset any rational investigation into this fascinating field.

We are apt to hear only those stories of prescient impression which are rounded off artistically, generally to an end of calamity or death.

The consequence is that the healthier minds are repelled from the whole subject, and it is relegated to the gloomy and morbid.

Others, wholesomely refusing "to meet trouble half way," strive to resist any impression that presses upon them, feeling only that it probably "bodes no good."

If anyone is inclined to question my statement, let him meet the matter of thought-reading, dreams, etc., in the first little neighborly assembly in which he joins.

If his friends know no more of mental phenomena than is to be gathered from newspapers, general conversation, etc., he will find they instantly divide into two parties.

The dreamy, sickly and fanciful of the group are sure "there is something in it," and each will produce his little tale of foreboding or warning.

The bright, healthy and practical will say "there is very little in it, and what there is is mere disease, to be repressed in silence and got rid of as soon as possible."

This is not the way in which unknown facts can be ever rightly weighed and correlated.

If we leave the investigation of mental phenomena to weak, foreboding minds, it is only the mental phenomena of weakness and fear that can ever come to light.

It has often seemed to those who have looked with some care into the strange facts of insight and foresight which life occasionally throws up to the surface, that few are so interesting as those which remain inexplicable; the stories which have no artistic end; and which seem to reveal the existence of a law generally working in secret, but always operative, without any stimulus from fear, sorrow, love or emotional disturbance of any kind.

I think I will try to tell one such story now. It is an experience of my own girlhood.

It is necessary, therefore, that I should strive to set myself and my surroundings before my reader.

I was the youngest of our family; and with many years intervening between myself and the sister next me in age, I was the constant companion of my eldest sister, a cheerful and intensely matter-of-fact person.

My favored friend in those days was a boy-cousin about two years my senior, and naturally at his then age, a very unromantic individual, who delivered his opinions and advice in an uncompromising, brotherly fashion.

It can be readily understood that in these circumstances, though I was not at all a solitary child, yet I had an interior life which was solitary.

I was in the habit of weaving long stories in my own mind, which I carried on for days together, and whose outward expression was never in manuscript, but in strange caricature-like drawings which I did, in rows with lines between, after the style of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

My home was in the heart of London, in the centre of interests of every kind: historical, political, picturesque and tragic. Access to the country was not as easy then as now, and I saw very little of it, but always walked in the parks for two or three hours every day.

I was never out of doors without an attendant of some kind, my eldest sister being my usual companion. I was never taken to the theatre, or indulged in late hours either of night or morning.

I had plenty of interesting books of every kind; but the only "novel" proper which I had read was "The Heart of Midlothian," which I had found, without title-page or author's name, in the house of a relative's old servant, and of which I had eagerly devoured every word, quite undaunted even by the legal dryness of Mr. Saddletree.

I received my education at a morning school for girls.

Education then was a simpler thing than it is now; but in organization, discipline, etc., either that school must have been superior to its contemporaries, or the modern improvements on these lines need not be boasted of; for in them I have never seen it surpassed—scarcely equalled.

I got on well with all my teachers; was a great favorite with two of them. My pet subjects were drawing and history, and I gained many prizes.

I generally had one favored associate; but my school attachments never rose to the dignity of friendship; I fear I held them rather loosely.

I was on good terms with all my schoolfellows, but held a little aloof from them. We had not many interests in common.

My home life was of a sterner pattern than most of theirs, and I cared little for the parties and the dressing in which they took delight.

I was a little sharp-tempered and "difficult," inclined to take my own way, and to persist in it, perhaps not always pleasantly.

So much for myself and for the influence about me.

The house in which the school was held was within a few doors of my own home. It was a fine old mansion, which had belonged to very grand folk in the reign of Charles II., and more recently had been occupied by a fashionable club of the faster kind, where for purposes of gaming, duelling, and other illicit practices, sundry secret doors, false floors, etc., had been introduced into its construction.

These days, however, had passed away long before my birth, and for years it had been a high class ladies' school, its wicked old contrivances left useless and innocent.

But its generally dignified arrangements remained useful. Its white stone staircase needed no carpet.

Its well-separated rooms prevented any class, even a singing one, from disturbing its neighbors. Its great entrance hall, with its three divisions, planned probably for the purpose of securing delay when desirable, was still specially useful.

The first was a mere lobby, on to which the outer doors stood open during school hours.

Glass doors gave admission to the second hall, which was furnished with forms for the convenience of servants waiting to escort their young ladies.

The doors of the third, or inner hall, were kept closed and guarded by the school-room maid, and it was furnished as a dressing-room, with looking glass, hanging pegs, etc.

I have dwelt on the description of the hall, because it is the scenery of this story of mine—which is no story at all, in its end.

Let me add that in those days school life was divided by "quarters," not "terms," and that new scholars were entered very rarely except at these quarters.

Well, I was about twelve years of age. It was the middle of a quarter; I think about the end of October; a time at which there was no excitement about examinations, prizes, or school arrivals or partings.

I had lived through my usual quiet, fully-occupied day, and had gone to bed at my regular hour. Then I had a dream.

I may pause here to say that all my life I have been what I may venture to call a rather rational dreamer. I have scarcely ever dreamed of horrors or of specially exciting events of any kind, but of life very much like that in which I have lived by day.

I remember of these dreams seldom more than a generally pleasant impression.

When I can recall farther, they are usually dramatically correct, and with humorous or poetic point, and somewhat to the purpose of my life at the time.

I will not deny that I have been soothed and helped by dreams. But it is very seldom indeed that I can recall more than generally pleasant impressions.

On this occasion I dreamed that I was, as usual, walking to school—this was the only out-door excursion I ever made alone—the school being, as I have said separated by only twelve or thirteen houses from my home.

In front of me I saw two tall young girls, clad in the deepest mourning, and accompanied by an elderly gentleman also in deep mourning. (Note that detail.) Of the girls I noticed nothing but their specially sombre attire and somewhat lanky figures.

But as I passed them the gentleman turned and spoke to me, and I saw that he had fine high features and a long gray beard.

He continued speaking to me till we reached the school door. There the girls passed in silently, and as if quite unaware of the presence of the old gentleman or myself. I saw them walk through the second division, but we lingered in the outer lobby.

He spoke with much emphasis and great gesticulation. Whether or not I seemed to him to respond I cannot say, but it was if I heard nothing.

The dream ended here; or at least as far as my memory was concerned. Whether I woke at this juncture or the dream faded off in mist, as dreams sometimes do, I cannot recall.

Next morning I went to school as usual, and going straight up into the school-room saw, on seats facing the door, the two heroines of my dream; the tall, pale, sable-clad girls.

It is odd that I can remember distinctly that I was not greatly surprised or impressed; the fact being such coincidences as this were not uncommon to me at that time.

If more had not followed, I should no doubt have forgotten all about this, though I turned the matter over in my mind, with a half laugh. "What a muddle these things are," I thought. "Why did I dream about these girls and an old gentleman, and then encounter the girls, but no old gentleman? Where is he?"

We will call the girls the Misses Lowman (I do not give the right name). They and I sat in different divisions and were in separate classes, and there was no communication whatever between us, except a formal bow, if we chanced to meet out of school-hours in the street. So weeks passed by.

I was at that time receiving some special instruction in drawing, and as no other pupil happened to be attending the same class, I received my instruction alone at the end of a desk in the big school-room, the master bending over me, and the rest of the scholastic work going on as usual. Suddenly a teacher had occasion to call out in a very audible voice: "The Misses Lowman!"

My drawing master paused and looked round, as the two tall, black-robed girls walked up the school-room in obedience to this summons.

Then bending over me, he asked in a whisper:

"Do you know if those young ladies live in Bridge Street?"

"I do not know," I said."

"Do you know if they are in mourning for their father?" he inquired.

"I do not know," I replied again, this time with a little interest.

"I used to know a little of old Mr. Lowman of Bridge Street," he said, rather sadly. "I believe he died very suddenly. I think they must be his daughters; they have something of his look."

There was the old gentleman of my dream. If these were the Misses Lowman of Bridge Street, then in my sleep I had seen the dead father beside the living daughters.

At this point, when I have been telling my story (for I have often told it), my auditors have all exclaimed:

"And what did you do then?"

"What came of it?"

"Did you prove to be great friends—or bitter enemies?"

"Did your lives come into collision at any subsequent time?"

I have had to reply simply and categorically:

"All I did was to tell the incident to my eldest sister and a senior school-fellow. They did not as usual say it was 'a chance;' they said it was 'queer.'"

"Nothing came of it."

"To the best of my recollection, I never in all my life exchanged one word with the Misses Lowman."

"I do not know what became of them."

To another inquiry, whether my mysterious dream did not tend to attract me towards them, as to someone between whom and myself a hidden link existed, I must answer: "No, I think it had a somewhat opposite effect. I rather shrank from them. Perhaps I should not have felt thus had I been otherwise attracted, but I was not. The Misses Lowman seemed cold and taciturn; the two sisters held much together and sought no acquaintance among their school-fellows."

And when I have answered all these questions, the next remark is:

"It's a pity something did not happen. The incident would work capitally into a story."

So it would. And of such stuff are stories made. But perhaps it is only fair that the public should sometimes see the raw material and learn to understand that the mysterious element which seems to surround our lives does not touch them only at their tragic points.

Their next temptation will be to smile at the apparently puerile and purposeless phenomena which will be, necessarily, often presented for their consideration. Let them remember, however, that while from the earliest ages the lightning flash had been known as an irresistible power of terror and destruction, it required a series of seemingly trivial observations on frogs, and minute experiments with Leyden jars, before electricity was recognised as a force capable of being a useful servant of human will, and a co-operator in human work.

Scientific and Useful.

RESIN AND BELTS.—Resin should not be used as a remedy for slipping belts. If it is, it will produce immediate adhesion of the belt to the pulley, and the resin will soon be ground into the leather, stiffen the material, and make the last state of the belt worse than its first.

PAINT.—The smell of paint, which is frequently so unpleasant in both a new house and one that has been freshly done up, is easily removed by means of a few armfuls of thoroughly damped hay, which should be laid loosely about the rooms and passages, and left for twenty-four hours, after which it may be taken away, and, if necessary, replaced by another lot.

STEEL LACE.—Fine lace of rolled steel has recently been made in Pittsburg. It is said to be so light that it can almost be blown away by a breath. The pattern is stamped out of an unbrittle kind of steel, and not woven as in ordinary thread lace. A variety of qualities, light and heavy, have been made for the market; and if the lace can be guarded from rusting it may become an article of wear.

NEW USE FOR CELLULOID.—Among the various uses of celluloid, it would appear to be a suitable sheathing for ships in place of copper. Plates of celluloid applied to various vessels in January, 1887, were removed five or six months after and found quite intact and free from marine vegetation, which was abundant on parts uncovered. The color of the substance is indestructible; the thickness may be reduced to one seventy-fifth of an inch; and the qualities of elasticity, solidity, impermeability, resistance to chemical action, etc., are all in favor of this use of celluloid.

HOT WATER.—In Boston, a new form of heat distribution has been provided. Thirteen thousand feet of piping have been laid under the streets of that city for a public supply of hot water under great pressure. These pipes are covered with a non-conducting preparation, so that they may retain as much of their initial heat as possible, which heat, by the way, is far above the usual boiling point. By means of reducing valves, the initial pressure of three hundred pounds on the square inch can be reduced to a more convenient pressure at the issuing point, where the water will be allowed to expand into steam, and can be used for heating and other purposes. The hot water not used goes back to head-quarters by a return main.

Farm and Garden.

DIRT AND VERMIN.—Fine dry dirt dusted over stock is an excellent preventive of the attacks of lice. It is more efficient if a tablespoonful of insect powder be added to the dirt.

THE FITTEST.—Practice on the farm the Darwinian law of "the survival of the fittest." Kill off the scrubs and substitute thoroughbreds; burn all the old horse killing, soul-destroying implements and substitute something modern and effective.

WARTS.—A correspondent says that in all his experience, "which is quite varied with horses, mules, and cattle," he never knew a wart to withstand a second application of pure hog's lard well rubbed in. They generally began sloughing off after one treatment, and to all appearances without the slightest pain.

HEALTHY STOCK.—In keeping your cows healthy and seeing that they have only clean and wholesome food and water, you serve a double purpose: You not only improve your own chances for profit, but you contribute to the promotion of public health by offering only wholesome dairy products for consumption.

THE ROSE.—There is no plant that enjoys plenty of good manure more than the rose, and a lack of this will always result in scraggy plants and miserable blooms. Cow manure is exceptionally good for roses, especially when reduced to a good compost. Dig in plenty of it about the roots, and especially use plenty of it when the roses are first planted.

RINGING SWINE.—A writer in one of the English papers claims that the practice of ringing swine is one of the principal causes of the production of disproportionately fat pork, and that an indulgence of the animal in its natural desire for digging and rooting is "highly beneficial to the proper development of the stream, which is very essential in the produce of lean or streaky meat, now so much desired."

COLORS ON METAL.—A German company has patented a process for producing surface colorations upon articles made of copper zinc or brass. Upon the first-named metal it is possible to develop all the colors of the rainbow, and upon zinc the coating is formed of such thickness as to permit of cutting the surface. The most important application of this invention seems to be in the imitation of antique bronze.

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A Matter of Manners.

A defense of artificiality may seem scarcely compatible with the warnings against its dangers with which from our childhood we are made familiar.

It is easy enough to see why, from the commonplace point of view, our parents and teachers so warmly inculcate the merit of naturalness; but is it not just possible that, on the contrary, most of us do not sufficiently study how to be gracefully artificial—that, in short, we neglect to introduce enough art or manners into the artificiality or manners of every-day life?

Good-breeding in itself largely consists of what, when it comes to be analyzed, is essentially artificial, for good-breeding demands a due consideration for the failings and weaknesses of those with whom one may be brought in contact. The concession to such weaknesses distinctly carries with it an element of artificiality from which it is impossible to escape.

We are apt, in a thoughtless way, to say that the noble savage is natural; but an acquaintance with his manners and customs proves how complicated, under its apparent absence of affectation, is the ritual of his existence, and at the same time we see the natural outcome of his naturalness.

With the first germs of civilization, artificiality may be said to have commenced its sway; indeed, civilization may be said to consist in properly understood artificiality.

As a matter of fact, our teachers, instead of warning us against the dangers of an absence of naturalness, should urge the introduction of more art into our artificiality.

What, indeed, is that truly invaluable quality of tact, in which so many of us are sadly wanting, but a very highly developed form of artificiality? The artificiality of the well bred man of the world, how admirably it serves him in cases where downright naturalness would simply disgust society!

Those good folk who cry out so loudly for naturalness under all circumstances—for we make no question of its being at times best—seem to be oblivious how largely the friction of every day life is avoided by well-considered artificiality.

What is more perfect than the artificiality which makes a well bred person conceal his feelings from the persistent buttonholder, or the even more polished and enviable artificiality which enables the well-bred possessor of tact to shake off the attentions of the bore, whose conduct, let it be remembered, is thoroughly natural.

What is more graceful or necessary than the artificiality with which a person of delicate taste will conceal from a stranger or a dear friend the pain that is being endured or the grief that is felt?

Those folks who pride themselves on naturalness are, after all, only indulging their innate selfishness; it costs a little trouble to be artificial; it is ever so much easier to speak out whatever first enters our heads. Beshrew such naturalness!

A little artificiality will contrive to rob of its sting and annoyance a criticism or a piece of advice which would otherwise fall utterly of its purpose, if it be any other than to ruffle the temper of the recipient. With a little more artificiality introduced into married life, is it not evident that the sum of misery caused by "incompatibility of temper" would be reduced? But no.

We are told that we must be natural; and so husband and wife go their own ways regardless of each other's failings, to conciliate which in any manner would demand a call upon that artificiality which is so universally decried and clumsily practised.

Would it not be far happier for both were they mutually to pretend to overlook, indeed not to notice, each other's troublesome failings? Would not thus a grain of artificiality succeed in enabling even characters otherwise utterly incompatible, to get on very satisfactorily? Indeed, were this not well understood by a great number of excellent people, how miserable would be the world!

Is it not clear that in cases such as these the artificiality of society has its good points? Discipline of every nature, military or official, is largely composed of artificial elements, without which government would be impossible. The forms of every-day life, without which it would be difficult to exist, are artificial to a degree. The requirements of society in what is termed etiquette are essentially artificial, and the code has been drawn up with a care which is not the result of fancy or caprice.

Deep artistic consideration has been given to every point. In the item of dress, which is specially artificial, how rarely man, but more particularly woman, is seen to advantage when natural!

Painters and sculptors may admire humanity in its workaday costume, because that costume is appropriate to its wearer; but the artificiality of our complicated social existence has made it an hereditary instinct with most of us to be careful how we are too natural in the presence of those whom we wish to impress with a sense of our dignity.

We are aware that it is dangerous to be seen by everybody in our shirt sleeves, which constitute, however, a very natural dress.

Sum-total: It is evident that the ethics of artificiality have not received that attention to which as a science they are entitled. It is a deficiency in our social education that the bearings of rightly understood artificiality are not more thoroughly inculcated.

Paradoxically it may be said that it is the absence of artificiality in our modern complicated ritual of every-day life which is the cause of much of that friction from which we all suffer.

ALL that a university or final highest school can do for us is still but what the first school began doing—teach us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves. It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us. The true university of these days is a collection of books.

NATURE and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man, whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets, and there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism. The more or less depends on structure or temperament. Temperament is the iron wire on which the beads are strung. Of what use is fortune or talent to a cold and defective nature?

THERE is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate usage of this exchequer.

BEGIN the education of the heart, not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtuous heart, like the body, becomes strong and healthy more by labor than nourishment.

WHEN a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was answered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

ANXIETY is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins, and of more miseries. In a world where everything is doubtful, where you may be disappointed, and be blessed in disappointment, what means this restless stir and commotion of mind? Can your solicitude alter the cause or unravel the intricacy of human events?

ENJOY the litties of every day. The great favors of fortune come to but few, and those that have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys, which are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure every sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.

THE universal and absolute law is that natural justice which cannot be written down, but which appeals to the hearts of all. Written laws are formulas in which we endeavor to express the least imperfectly possible that which, under such determined circumstances, natural justice demands.

LOVE has all variations in its quality, from the selfish and self seeking passion that in its sacred name would sacrifice the happiness and the welfare of its object up to the purest affection of the devoted mother who would secure the good of her child at any personal cost.

FLATTERERS are the worst kind of traitors, for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint thy follies and vices as thou shalt never, by their will, discover good from evil, or vice from virtue.

ALMOST all of us live more in the future than the present. Those who live mostly in the past are on the high-road to worse sorrow than they know. To the healthy-minded the future has always the treasure to which the present holds the keys.

THE lower your senses are kept, the better you may govern them. Appetite and reason are commonly like two buckets,—when one is at the top, the other is at the bottom. Now of the two, I had rather the reason bucket be uppermost.

A GOOD inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill-disposed, will by the superinduction of ill habits quickly deface it.

No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or error, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.

THOSE who would render their charities useful should diffuse them judiciously. He who would have a good crop must sow with his hand, and not pour out of the sack into one heap.

MONEY does all things for reward; some are pious and honest as long as they thrive upon it, but if the devil himself gives better wages, they soon change their party.

DISCIPLINE of the right kind is as good mental training to children as arithmetic. It is not of the right kind unless it requires intellectual effort—mental conquests.

WE cannot be held to what is beyond our strength and means, and indeed there is nothing really in our own power except the will.

The World's Happenings.

In Chicago one man kills seven pigs a minute.

A lily, jet black in color, is in bloom at Chico, Cal.

The tower of Trinity Church, Boston, weighs 19,000,000 pounds.

Even the Chinese have caught the base ball fever, and they have organized a club at Marysville, Cal.

The Vendome Hotel, New York, has its dining-room in the ninth story. The guests go up to meals in an elevator.

King Alphonso, of Spain, is still unhappy. He can have no consecutive fun because his teeth keep bothering him.

Daniel Salisbury and wife, of Big Stone City, D. T., have been married 77 years. The husband is 99 years old and the wife 97.

Queen Victoria is afflicted with insomnia. She is sometimes put to sleep by having her brows stroked gently with a camel's-hair brush.

Since New Year's 31 persons have suffered death under the myriad wheels that roll along the streets of New York. The maimed and crippled from the same cause number 139.

The story from Indiana that a boy had found a nest of gold and silver coin while "grubbing" will be accepted with caution by other boys whose fathers have patches of ground to "grub."

Bridgeport, Conn., has a Suicide Club, and it will jog along in the Fourth of July parade. The membership is limited to 25, and thus far vacancies that have occurred by suicide have been promptly filled.

Three servants in a New York boarding-house have been arrested, charged with stealing the dresses and jewelry of the boarders. Thousands of dollars worth of evening costumes and rich laces were found in their rooms.

A young woman living at the Place de la Nation has just adopted a novel mode of putting an end to her days. She filled her small bed-room with flowers, and when her mother went to call her in the morning she found her dead.

Lord Dudley, the wealthy young English noble who has come into possession of his heritage of some $2,000,000 per annum, has already developed a strong taste for gambling, and recently lost $100,000 at racing and $50,000 at cards.

The authorities at Long Branch, N. J., being determined to abate the tramp nuisance, have purchased a number of chains, equipped with shackles and 40-pound iron balls. All tramps are to wear them while working on the public streets.

A Middletown, N. Y., man says he owns a dog which will not allow him to take more than three or four glasses of beer in any one saloon. At the first attempt to drink the fifth glass the faithful creature seizes his master by the calf of the leg and holds on till he starts out.

The deadly circus peanut—or, as they might say down in Georgia, the ghoulish goober—caused the death of Mrs. Jennie Colyer at Bridgeport, Conn., a few nights ago. She had eaten a paper-bagful of the things, and they caused a violent attack of indigestion.

At Acosta a Roman metal pen has been found. It is a bronze pen, slit in exactly the same fashion as the present steel pen. The Dutch invented a metal pen in 1717, but it was not until many years later that the hand-screw press, which made the first cheap steel pen, came into use.

An Akron, Ohio, woman's house was entered recently, and among other things carried off were five thimbles, presents to the owner. Afterwards the thief learned that his victim was charitable, and therefore he returned the thimbles, together with giving his reason for so doing.

Tim Williams, an old hermit of Lebanon, Conn., had a hive of bees, which swarmed on a huge apple tree. Fearing that they would escape, he climbed the tree after them, but fell and broke his leg, stirring up the bees in his descent. They followed him down and stung him to death.

A dog in Davenport, Iowa, having seized a young sparrow that had dropped to the sidewalk, was instantly set upon by half a dozen of the grown birds with a ferocity that not only made him drop his prey, but sent him off howling with the blood flowing from several places where their sharp bills had struck him.

A ripple of excitement has been caused in the usually placid town of Dartmouth, Mass., by the posting in public places of notices signed by the Selectmen, forbidding all persons doing work on Sunday, unless it is necessary for a charitable purpose. A fine, not exceeding $50, is the penalty for breaking the law.

George Gabriel, a New Haven umbrella-mender, died a little while ago, and nobody supposed that he had left any estate worth mention. But a will turns up that shows he was worth over $30,000, which he bequeaths to Yale College Library, the Yale Divinity School and the local Young Men's Christian Association.

While the 3-months-old infant of Mrs. Henry Crocker, living near Milwaukee, was sleeping in its cradle, a large cat jumped into the latter and curled itself up for a nap over the little one's face. When the child's grandmother, who had fallen asleep while watching at the cradle, awoke, she found the baby smothered to death.

Edison is now experimenting upon a new electric flying machine which he has been commissioned by the Spanish Government to make for war purposes. The system will be one of revolving fans, to which power is supplied by means of a wire connecting with an electric dynamo on the earth. The fans are not only to propel but to lift the airship.

A sparrow which bids fair to become famous if the glare of notoriety does not frighten it away, has built a nest on one of the trucks of a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western passenger car, and makes regular trips to points in New York State. At last accounts the bird was sitting on two eggs and seemed to be undisturbed by the noise and confusion.

I MUST NOT.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I would like to tell you my secret thoughts,
Grand, pure truths, your life to bless;
And bring you rest, complete and perfect rest,
And in each word twine a caress;
But Silence seals my lips—I must not seek
To break the power that his stern vigils keep.

Thyra's Pride.

BY MARY BUTLER.

"THEN I am not to go, Thyra?"

"Dear Mark, if it were possible, should I not be too glad to send you? But you know——"

"Oh, yes, I know—I could not go without some clothes and a little money in my pocket! Good heavens, what a miserable thing it is to be poor! I wish I had died when the governor broke;" and the boy—Mark Dudley was only seventeen—started up from beside his sister and began walking impatiently about the little room.

Thyra looked at him with an expression of deep compassion in her eyes. Her face and her figure were of a noble type of beauty that seemed strangely out of place in the poor, scantily-furnished room. Her shabby velvet dress, the slim white hand with its diamond ring, even the very arrangement of the dark brown hair coiled high about the white forehead, seemed to proclaim that she had been accustomed to more luxurious surroundings.

"It was very good of them to ask me," the lad went on. "Of course I said 'Yes'—I thought you could have managed somehow."

"Mark," said Thyra, rising and taking his hot hand between both hers, "what advantage would it be for you to go away with those rich young men, to spend money that we want for our daily bread here, and idle away your time? Remember that you are to go to Gilbey & Fair's to-morrow, and that our grandfather began life as you are beginning it—in a merchant's office."

"Oh, it is very easy for you to preach! You are all right; Mayne will soon take you away from this wretched hole. Look here, Thyra—I do want to go to Oxford with the Butlers; and you know I need not begin the 'high stool' business until next week. Couldn't you manage it for me? Think, dear."

"If I were not going to Mayne Court, I would sell my sealskin; but——"

"Oh, I don't want you to do that!" interrupted the lad hastily. "But wouldn't Hal Mayne lend you some money? You need not say it is for me, you know."

Mark knelt down beside her as he spoke, and pressed his handsome discontented face against her shoulder.

Thyra pushed him away indignantly, her pale cheeks flushing.

"Ask Hal," she cried—"ask Hal for money? Oh, Mark, I wonder at you!"

"Why not?" persisted the boy, standing up and looking down at her with the dark frown that came so readily to his brow. "Why not now as well as a few months hence? You will ask him for money fast enough when you are married to him, I dare say!"

"But not now; I could not, Mark—do not ask me."

"You mean you will not. Well, I shall not forget to remember it against you, my sister!"

"But, Mark, consider—would you have me humble myself?"

"Humble yourself to your promised husband—the man whose home you are to share all your life—humble yourself by asking him for a loan? Bah!"

"I couldn't do it," said the girl, almost in tears—"I could not, Mark."

"Say you will not, can't you? But I'll pay you back for it, and in a way that you'll remember to the last day of your life!"

He strode out of the room as he spoke, and in another minute the bang of the hall door closing behind him shook the little house to its foundations.

When, two years before, the beautiful Miss Dudley allowed it to be known that she was about to bestow herself and her half million pounds upon the younger brother of a poor Yorkshire baronet who had only his profession as a barrister and a few hundreds a year of his own to support him, every one said that she was throwing herself away, and wondered at Mr. Dudley for giving his consent to such a match. He did not once raise an objection to his daughter's choice.

"I suppose he has something; I don't care how little it is so long as it is sure and settled," he had said thoughtfully, and, when satisfied on that point, had given his consent quite cheerfully.

Old Lady Mayne, although outwardly she seemed to think her son's birth an ample equivalent for Thyra's fortune, secretly marvelled at the rich banker's conduct.

The explanation however was not long withheld. While Thyra was ordering her *trousseau* with a lavish hand, while congratulations and presents poured in upon her, while she held high state in the beautiful Park Lane house, the wealth that her grandfather and father had spent their lives in acquiring was passing away like a dream.

A sudden commercial crisis, with the failure of a house in which Mr. Dudley had every confidence and which owed him large sums, was the first misfortune; then everything that the banker touched went wrong.

The shares he bought decreased in value as soon as he exchanged his money for them; the shares he sold rose as soon as his interest in them was gone.

His knowledge of the money-market, his clear-headed comprehension of what would or would not affect his bank, seemed to forsake him. His daughter's money—left in his care by her grandfather—went the way of his own.

The title-deeds of his recently purchased estate in Kent were locked away in the strong-box of a money-lender; of all the wealth for which two generations of Dudleys had toiled there remained only the shadow and outward semblance.

One day Mr. Dudley came home a desperate and despairing man, and, calling his son and daughter to him, told them that he was ruined—that everything must be given up to his creditors—that henceforth poverty and obscurity would be the portion of himself and his children.

"Mayne must be told at once, Thyra," he said gloomily; "this may make a difference to him."

"Of course I shall send for him; but I am sure—quite sure—that it will make no difference. Hal is not a fortune-hunter, papa," replied the girl, with calm confidence—a confidence that was justified by the result.

"Thyra," said the young man gravely, when he heard the full extent of the ruin that had overwhelmed her family and her proud offer of release, "to tell me, as you have just done, that now that your money is gone you will not hold me to my promise is to tell me in so many words that I am a fortune-hunter! I am not. I asked you to become my wife because I loved you; your wealth was no hindrance, neither will your poverty be. I did not love your money—I loved you."

Then, in his grave and stately way, he touched her forehead with his lips, and began immediately to talk of her father's affairs.

But Thyra in her secret soul was not satisfied; if he had clasped her to his heart and poured our fervid protestations of affection, if he had seemed to be glad of an opportunity of proving the disinterestedness of his love for her, the proud, foolish, fond young creature would have been far better pleased.

But he did nothing of the kind; the wedding was postponed for a few months, and the young man threw himself heart and soul into Mr. Dudley's affairs, trying to soften the blow as much as possible and save something out of the work. He went down to Mayne Court also—a visit that resulted in an invitation to Thyra to spend a few weeks there before her marriage.

He called just as frequently at the shabby house in Battersea as he had done at the stately mansion in Park Lane; but, because he was not talking romantic nonsense to her all day long, the girl began to tell herself that he was growing less fond—that honor, not love, kept him to his promise.

And, besides, the sudden change from affluence to what was barely sufficient to live upon tried her temper sorely and made her look upon everything with gloomy and hopeless eyes.

Thyra rose from her chair as her brother left the room, for it was near the time when her father would return from the City, and the little room must look bright and cheery for him.

It was a difficult task to make the shabby furniture and dingy curtains present an inviting appearance, but fire and lamp, a copper tea-urn and a stand of hot cakes, offered a pleasant contrast to the rawness of the November evening outside; and the tall young girl in her velvet dress, with her exquisite face and air of culture and refinement, was not the least important item in the picture.

Presently she heard the sound of her father's footstep on the gravel-walk outside, and the next moment her quick ears detected that he was not alone. The color rushed in a crimson flood to her pale cheeks; she went to the hall door, and, opening it, stood waiting.

Her father and her lover entered together—Mr. Dudley a white-haired old man, curiously bent and enfeebled since his losses; Henry Mayne tall and fair-haired, handsome and dignified, but as cold as a block of marble.

"Well, Hal?" she said softly to her lover, as she placed her hand in his, and then turned towards her father.

"Did you come by the boat, papa?"

"How else should I come? I suppose you like to stand at the door and be stared at by every Cockney that passes? Housemaids generally do, I believe."

Thyra shut the door, and, ignoring this remark, ushered them into the sitting-room.

Mr. Dudley put a roll of papers on a side-table and sat down near the fire; Henry Mayne leaned against the mantelpiece and watched his betrothed making tea.

"Where's Mark?"

"He went out some time ago, papa. He did not say where he was going."

"No, I dare say not. He pretended not to see me to-day in Regent Street, because he had the Butlers with him. Is he going off with them?"

"I think not; he could not go without some new clothes and money."

"Let him stop at home and earn it then!" replied Mr. Dudley fiercely. "Gilbert & Fair expect him on Monday."

Thyra made no answer, but sighed and looked at Hal, who came to her assistance at once.

"I have a letter for you from my mother," he said; "she asked me to bear it. I must go down to Mayne Court on the first of next month for my cousin Georgie's wedding, and she wishes you to accompany me. Will you come?"

The girl took the letter from her lover, and looked at her father.

"Could you do without me for a time?" she asked. "I think Jane can be trusted."

"Of course! Now begin to ask for dresses."

"No," said Thyra gently. "Lady Mayne will understand why I do not wear the pretty gowns I used to wear. I will accompany you, Hal."

* * * * * *

By a high black mantelpiece inlaid with oblong slips of looking glass and ornamented with quaint pieces of china sat two ladies, one of them protecting her delicate rose-and-lily complexion from the fire with a large black fan, the other lying back in the depths of a capacious arm-chair and slowly turning over a little package of letters in her slim jewelled hands. The long lofty room, with its yellow hangings and black-and-gold furniture, was in semi-darkness; only the blazing fire and a lamp with a rose-colored shade lighted up the sombre widow's dress of the younger lady and sparkled in the jewels of the elder.

The November sun had set after an ineffectual attempt to dry the soaking lawn and the dripping ivy on the terrace.

It was just the time to grow confidential; the subdued light, the little gipsy-table with its quaint tea-service, the general air of comfort within contrasted with the gloom without; moreover, these two, in spite of the great difference in their ages, were very dear friends, and opened their hearts to each other as women seldom do.

"So you see, Eunice," said Lady Mayne, laying her her gold *pince-nez* on one side, "he expects me to treat her just as I did when I thought she would have brought him a half million pounds; and Dick encourages him—sent her a most cordial invitation, I assure you!"

"I wonder where she will get boots and gloves to come in? Her *trousseau* went back to Madame Farni, did it not?"

"Oh, yes! What could she do with painted satin ball-dresses and white tea-gowns now? My dear, they will be wretchedly poor!"

The Honorable Mrs. Varian fixed her large blue eyes upon the fire and tapped her chin thoughtfully with one finger. She had a lovely little baby-face, as delicately white and pink as the leaf of a blush-rose—the kind of face that is so charming and so fresh up to five or six and twenty, and then suddenly in a year or so loses all its freshness and dainty coloring, and becomes a mere haggard mockery of what it was.

Although the little white cap surmounting her flaxen curls, the black dress with its jet embroidery, and the crape ruff about her white throat showed that she had already suffered a woman's greatest loss, her face had lost none of its beauty. Whether she really lamented her soldier-husband, who had fallen with the spear of a Soudanese in his breast a year before, none could say. She had a liberal jointure, friends and admirers by the score, and it was even whispered that she had refused a coronet.

"You are right to bring her here—quite right—especially if she is shabby," she said, looking up from the fire.

"Do you think so, my dear? I had an idea that he would look upon it rather as something to be admired—evidence of her nobility of mind, you know."

"Not at all—do not imagine such a thing. A man will scold his wife to-day for extravagance, and to-morrow for wearing last year's bonnet."

"Well, yes; I believe you are right. Eunice, I dare say she will not have a gown fit to wear at the dance I am going to give for Georgie. Is it not strange that my niece should marry so well and my son so badly?"

"Your son is not married yet, Lady Mayne," said Mrs. Varian, with a strange mirthless laugh.

"I know; but when once he has given his word nothing can shake him; and, besides, he is fond of her."

"I wonder how she found it out then; I feel sure he never told her so! Bah!—I would as soon love an icicle as your son Henry!"

"You have mentioned just what I want you to do, dear," said the elder lady, bending forward and taking Mrs. Varian's hand in hers. "No, don't look shocked—at least, let me explain a little first."

"Yes," returned the widow dubiously, assuming a clever expression of childish surprise.

"You see, she is so proud and he is so cold and haughty that it would be the easiest thing in the world to create a misunderstanding between them; and, as his mother, I naturally think of him first. This marriage would simply ruin him, Eunice!"

"And am I to create the misunderstanding, Lady Mayne? It is an honorable task certainly!" said Mrs. Varian, in a slightly offended tone.

"You need not do anything openly or compromise yourself in the least; it is not even necessary for you to let him kiss the tips of your fingers: but you can be nice to him, and draw him on, as I have seen you draw men before this. You know what I mean?"

"Yes," assented the widow thoughtfully, "I can generally fascinate a man if I set about it in good earnest: and, if Thyra Dudley is as proud as you say—not with the *parvenu* pride of riches, but with what is only an exaggeration of self respect—it would be easy—oh, quite easy!—to make her feel slighted and neglected."

"She has that pride—and more than ever since her misfortunes," said Lady Mayne eagerly. "And, Eunice, if you help me in this, I will help you with Dick. No, don't blush; I read your secret long ago, my dear."

Mrs. Varian however did blush, and that most vividly, the delicate tints of her complexion being all lost.

She shielded her face with a hand-screen for a few moments, and, when she removed it again, there were tears in her blue eyes.

"I will not deny it," she said, in low tremulous tones. "He is the one love of my life and the one man who seems utterly indifferent to me."

"Listen!" cried Lady Mayne, holding up her jewelled hand and turning her eyes towards the door. "Yes—they are coming. Now, Eunice, is it a bargain?"

There was a sound of footsteps, of trailing silken draperies, of low, well-bred voices outside.

Mrs. Varian glanced into one of the oblong slips of looking-glass near her, then settled back in her chair, a smile parting her lips; Lady Mayne gathered up her letters and locked them away in a little sandal-wood box.

"Well?" asked the elder lady impatiently, glancing at the baby-face with its frame of flaxen curls. "Give me an answer, Eunice—'Yes' or 'No'?"

"Yes," said the widow calmly—"it is a bargain. I will help you all I can, dear Lady Mayne."

* * * * * *

The London and York express, rushing northwards, carried Thyra Dudley and her lover far from busy London towards the high sheep-wolds and breezy downs where Henry Mayne had been born and had spent his boyhood.

They sat together, and they were so undemonstrative—nay, so like each other in bearing—that they might well have been taken for brother and sister.

For the first half-hour Henry buried his head in the *Times* and Thyra sat, her face wearing an expression of proud discontent, looking out at the rain that beat against the window.

Of course she was very silly, she told herself; but she did wish he would put away that horrid newspaper and talk to her.

As for the illustrated journal on her knee—with a quick movement she sent it sliding to the ground.

Perhaps he saw and understood the action, for, with a slight smile, he laid down his newspaper and addressed her.

"I suppose, Thyra, you have brought some dresses with you? My mother is going to give a dance the night before Georgie's wedding."

"I have this"—pushing out the edge of her gray cloth walking-dress from beneath her long sealskin jacket—"and my black velvet and two evening gowns. Oh, yes—I will manage! Of course they will not look quite fresh and new, and I am a little deficient in laces and ribbons, and so on; but Lady Mayne will know the reason."

"You look very nice now, I must say"—regarding her shapely figure critically. "How does this go—over your glove?"

"Oh, Hal, how good you are!"

Another man would have noticed the sudden crimson tide in her soft cheeks and the brightening of her large full eyes as he took a broad band of gold out of its velvet case and clasped it on her left wrist; but he did not raise his eyes to her face.

"I am glad you like it," he said quietly; "I have brought a similar one for Georgie."

Thyra sank back in her seat, having suddenly turned cold and pale; his final remark had destroyed all the beauty of her present.

He ought not to have put her—his promised wife—on the same level with his cousin, even in such a small matter as the choice of a wedding present. And, besides she was piqued already about this same Georgie Mansfield.

Thyra was a proud punctilious girl, and her father's ruin had only intensified her faults.

She thought that she—so soon to be a bride herself and connected with their family—ought to have been one of this cousin's bridesmaids. It was the first slight she had received, and it rankled in her heart in a way that would have delighted old Lady Mayne could she have known it.

"They have sent the dog-cart for us, Thyra," said her lover, looking out of the window as the train slackened speed. "They ought to have sent the brougham; it is ten-miles to drive to Mayne. I am afraid you will take cold."

"Oh, I don't mind!" declared the girl; but her lip curled and she held her head high as she stepped into the dog-cart.

Presently, as they were driving along a dreary moorland road, a few flakes of snow began to fall, and the bitter wind made Thyra shiver in spite of all her efforts.

"We have only a few more miles to go, dear," said Hal, glancing at the pale proud face beside him; "and you must have some hot tea and a warm before a good fire as soon as we get in. They ought certainly to have sent the brougham."

The girl slipped her arm within his and her lips began to quiver.

"I do not mind—I do not mind a bit," she whispered; "if you love me, what is all the world to me compared to that?"

"You may be quite sure of my love, Thyra."

The stately gentleness of his answer contented her; she forgot the snow and the bitter wind, and sat, her arm pressed against his side, in silent contemplative happiness upon which no thoughts of the manner of her reception at Mayne Court were allowed to intrude.

She had never before visited her lover's home, and she looked with some curiosity at the high stone gateway, at the snow-laden beeches on either side of the avenue, at the large gray house looming through the twilight, backed by a stretch of rising ground covered with pine-trees.

"Don't keep Lady standing," said Henry Mayne to the groom, as he handed the reins to the man and helped Thyra to alight. "They have opened the door, I see. Come, dear—I am afraid you have taken a chill."

The girl smiled, and, running up the flight of broad shallow steps, began divesting herself of her snow-covered sealskin in the light and warmth of the hall.

"Welcome to Mayne Court, dear!" said her lover, assisting her; then, turning to the footman who had opened the door, he inquired, "Where are they all—my mother—Sir Richard?"

It was a very natural question, and Thyra raised her head, and the smile left her lips as she waited to hear the answer.

"Sir Richard and the other gentlemen are out shooting, sir; and her ladyship is in the Queen Anne drawing-room."

Thyra's lover frowned and seemed about to speak; but, before he could do so, an elderly woman in a black gown glided into the hall.

"Her ladyship wishes to see you at once, sir," she said, addressing Hal; "and the lady is to come with me. Is that your luggage, miss?"

So, with a proud step and a swelling heart, Thyra followed the woman up the broad black oak staircase.

"She is determined to impress upon me the difference there is between simple Thyra Dudley and the rich banker's daughter," thought the girl to herself bitterly; "but I don't mind while he loves me!"

The woman conducted her to a pretty, well-furnished room with a cheerful fire and a shaded lamp, and, having helped her to change her dress, brought her some tea and left her to her own devices.

Thyra unfastened her long brown hair, and, letting it fall about her shoulders, sat drinking her tea and gazing vacantly into the fire, her proud heart beating high with resentment at the cold reception she had met with, when there came a tap, tap, at the door, and a sweet childish treble voice begged for admittance.

"Come in!" said Thyra wonderingly.

The door opened, and a little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed lady made her appearance.

"I am Mrs. Varian," she said, "and——Yes"—answering the girl's involuntary glance at the little scrap of white crape on her head—"I am a widow; my husband was Lady Mayne's nephew."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Thyra.

The lady seated herself in a white-draped arm-chair and continued—

"I dressed early that I might come and make your acquaintance here; once you go down-stairs there will be no getting near you—people make such a fuss over a bride-elect."

Thyra's lips quivered as she reflected that there had not been much fuss made about her up to the present.

"I wonder why Lady Mayne put up here while those pretty rooms off the gallery are empty? I suppose you forgot. She is so anxious that her niece's wedding should go off well! Don't you think she is looking quite ill?"

"I have not seen her yet, Mrs. Varian."

"Indeed! Why, I left her welcoming her son as if she had not seen him for years! Not seen her yet—how strange!"

Thyra's cheeks flushed crimson in spite of all her efforts at self-control.

Instinctively she felt that this fair little being with pink cheeks and blue eyes and an outward show of friendliness was secretly her enemy.

Mrs. Varian rose.

The sudden flush in the girl's pale cheek told her that her arrow had hit the mark, and she thought that she had done enough for the present.

"I must run away," she said, "and leave you to dress. Shall I send your maid to you?"

Thyra leaned forward, and looking proudly and serenely into the widow's face until the smiling blue eyes quailed, said—

"Mrs. Varian, do you forget the fact of my father's ruin? If you do, let me tell you that I am quite poor and have no maid."

"Of course! How stupid I am! Lady Mayne told me all about it; and how lucky for you that you were engaged to a man like Henry, who would never break with you, no matter what ruin he brought on himself! But I must not stay chattering to you; of course, without a maid, you will take a little longer to dress."

"What have I done to her?" thought Thyra, sinking back wearily in her chair as Mrs. Varian left the room. "Did Lady Mayne send her here to insult me under the mask of her fair words, or have I unconsciously interfered with any of her plans? Why does she hate me so, I wonder?"

Thyra was almost the last to enter the long Queen Anne drawing-room, for Mrs. Varian's half-hidden taunts made her take more pains than usual with the arrangement of her dress and hair.

There were more people in the room than she expected, and, just as she entered, Mrs. Varian rose from among a group gathered about a delicate auburn-haired girl dressed in white, and, placing her hand upon Henry Mayne's arm, sauntered away in the direction of a half-open glass door that showed a glimpse of tall ferns and tropical plants beyond.

"How are you, Thyra?" said a tall fair-haired young man who advanced to meet her. "What a dreadful drive you must have had! You have not seen my mother yet, have you?"

"No, not yet, Sir Richard," replied the girl, trying to speak indifferently.

At that moment Lady Mayne rose from her favorite seat by the fire, and welcomed her graciously enough, introducing her to Miss Mansfield and the group of girls about her.

Thyra sat down, and tried to listen to their gay light-hearted talk, but her eyes would turn to the conservatory door, and she could not help wondering why Hal stayed there so long.

It was only when dinner was announced that he appeared, Mrs. Varian's hand still resting on his arm.

There was an unusual flush on his pale clear-cut face, and his mouth, generally so grave, was softened by a smile such as Thyra had never seen on his face before. Henry Mayne had been made love to for the first time in his life by a beautiful and well-bred woman, and he could not help being a little—just a little belated.

"You have a beautiful flower," said Thyra, looking inquiringly at the spray of white heath in his button-hole.

"Yes; Eunice gave it to me."

"Eunice? That is Mrs. Varian. Have you known her long, Hal?"

"Oh, yes! Her husband was a relative of ours, and she is a pet of the mother's."

"Hal," said the girl, smiling, but still in earnest, "I don't like Mrs. Varian. I am half jealous of her already. Don't wear her flower, please!"

"Nonsense!" he replied half angrily. "Can I throw it away now? What a foolish girl you are, Thyra!"

She made no answer, but her face turned quite white, her lips were firmly set, and, as she rose to go towards the dining-room with him, she unclasped the gold bracelet from her arm and put it into her pocket.

He saw the action, and frowned angrily. They might have been the most deadly enemies brought together by some strange accident, so unyielding were their faces, so upright was Henry's tall figure, so light the touch of Thyra's hand upon his arm.

And so the first cloud arose between the lovers—a cloud so small that a look, a smile, would have caused it to vanish; but neither the look nor the smile was forthcoming.

* * * * * *

"Well, dear Lady Mayne, do you think I am succeeding?"

The widow turned her lovely childlike face and looked over her shoulder to ask this question, pulling off her long furred gloves and holding out her dimpled little hands to the hall fire as she spoke.

She had just returned from what was supposed to be a solitary walk, and, finding her hostess in the hall, stopped to warm herself and chatter.

Lady Mayne, instead of replying, sighed softly, and, leaning her arm upon the tall mantel by which she stood, rested her forehead upon it.

"I assure you," continued Varian airily, "that I had the utmost difficulty in keeping Hal from asking me to elope with him—I had indeed!"

"Mrs. Varian, I was coming down the stairs and inadvertently overheard you. It is a falsehood! Lady Mayne, how can you listen to such a tale?"

Both women had started and turned at the sound of Thyra's voice; and the elder shrank back visibly cowed and shamed by this appeal, no less than by the girl's white haughty face and bright scornful eyes that were fixed upon her.

For the past fortnight she had been doing all she possibly could to increase the coolness already existing between the lovers, displaying a truly remarkable vigilance and address in preventing that explanation which would have restored them at once to their former confidence in each other.

Living in the same house and being constantly in each other's society, they might have broken down the barrier between them in spite of Lady Mayne's efforts to keep them apart; but the stubborn and unyielding pride that predominated in both their characters separated them just as effectually as her watchfulness did.

So Henry, with a sore and wounded heart, turned from Thyra's haughty face and cold utterance to where Mrs. Varian's blue eyes and rose-red lips smiled a welcome; and the girl, seeing him so turn, told herself bitterly that he repented his engagement, and that he was telling her so as politely as he could.

That she suffered, and suffered keenly, any one who watched her closely could perceive; but her conduct was perfect, according to Georgie Mansfield and the other girls in the house.

She would not shorten her visit, she would not flirt with any other men, she never seemed to take notice of Hal's absence from her side; and so calm and self-contained was she that the malicious eyes which were always upon her almost ceased to expect a *denouement*.

Mrs. Varian's words on this occasion however pierced through the shield of pride with which she had guarded her heart, and the volcano of passion within burst forth.

"It is a falsehood," she repeated, drawing herself up to her full height and looking from one to the other—"you know it is a falsehood, Lady Mayne!"

Lady Mayne made no reply.

There was something underlying the cold scorn in Thyra's voice, something so piteous, so despairing, that it touched her conscience. Mrs. Varian took up the cudgels at once.

"I am very sorry that you overheard me, Miss Dudley," she said quietly; "but I am not in the habit of uttering falsehoods; and I think it is evident to every one in the house that, while honor drives Hal in one direction, love draws him in another; and, if I loved a man, I would rather have one hour's possession of his heart than hold him for years by the cold bond of honor."

"Yes," interposed Lady Mayne, gaining courage from her ally's boldness—"every one is pitying poor Hal. But what can I do? He is a man now, and will decide for himself. If he chooses to persist in carrying out this wretched engagement and ruining his prospects and breaking his heart, I cannot interfere. You must forgive my 'speaking so, Thyra, but you wanted to hear my opinion."

The girl had stood with her head held erect, her lips trembling with scorn as she listened intently.

She could not turn paler than she was, but the very life seemed to die out of her face as Lady Mayne ceased.

There was silence for a few moments, during which the widow looked at Thyra with a smile of malicious enjoyment.

"Mrs. Varian," said the girl, answering her look—and as she spoke she seemed to grow taller—"you tell me that you have won my lover from me. It may be so—I do not know yet—but, if you have, you have done a wicked thing; and I tell you, loving him as I do, that the most passionate adoration a woman ever received from the man she loved is not so sweet to me as the path of duty and of honor."

She turned away as she spoke, and, with the air of an empress, went up the broad stairs to her own room.

She did not, as many would have done, give way to a passion of weeping and relieve her wounded heart by the outward expression of pain.

A few tears fell upon her white cheeks and trembling hands; but hour after hour she sat silent and motionless, her eyes fixed upon the window, watching for Henry Mayne to turn the corner by the beech-trees—for he had gone out with some of the others to shoot early in the afternoon. At last she saw him, walking with his brother, and listening with his usual air of grave attention to something that Sir Richard was saying.

Thyra rose then, and, without even a glance into the mirror, went with a slow and haughty step down to the hall. It chanced to be empty, but as she stood watching the door she felt she would have demanded an interview with him even if Mrs. Varian had been there.

As he entered presently with his brother, Captain Fairfax, and some others, there was a smile upon his lips; but Thyra noticed how grave his face became as he looked at her.

"Have you a headache, Thyra?" he asked, walking over to where she stood.

"A headache? No; I want to speak to you, Hal. Will you come into the library? There is no one there."

The firm tones of her voice and the proud look in her eyes told him that it was not a reconciliation she sought.

"Certainly," he answered—and his voice and manner were as cold as hers; "I am quite at your service, Thyra."

She walked slowly to the library, the door of which opened off the hall, and entered.

She hardly knew what she was going to say, or how she was going to say it; but a brooding sense of injury, of having been brought to Mayne Court to be mocked and slighted, had overcome all self-restraint at last; and Mrs. Varian's bitter words, thrilling every fibre of her proud nature, made her resolve to break her engagement at once, even though she broke her heart at the same time.

She stood just inside the door as he closed it, and said at once, as he turned towards her—

"I am here to release you, Mr. Mayne. You took a hard and cruel way of telling me that I must lose my lover as well as my fortune; but doubtless you thought it more consistent to force me to break our engagement than to do so yourself. Well, you have succeeded—you are free!"

She drew his ring from her finger and offered it to him with a steady hand as she spoke.

He took, not the ring, but the white cold hand in his, and fixed his eyes gravely and reproachfully upon hers.

"Thyra," he said, with a certain stately gentleness that became him well, "do you think that a solemn promise such as ours—a plighting of our hearts and lives to each other—can be so lightly broken?"

"But it is not lightly broken!" cried the girl passionately. "It was all planned beforehand—I was to be brought here to be slighted by your mother and neglected by you until I was goaded—I, the poor Miss Dudley—into releasing you from the promise made to the rich banker's daughter!"

"Stop," exclaimed the young man, in a tone almost as passionate as her own—"stop, Thyra! Do not say anything that I will not—cannot—forgive! How my mother has offended you I do not know; but this I do know, that she never by word or action made any plans at all concerning you and me. She naturally regretted the loss of your fortune; but I said to her, as I said to you on the day the crash came, and as I say to you now, I loved you from the first for yourself, and not for your riches, consequently your poverty makes no difference to me. Thyra, are you answered? There has been something—I scarcely know what—between us for the past fortnight; but, if I am to blame, I ask you to forgive me."

He placed his arm about her waist, and would have kissed her; but she turned her head proudly aside and freed herself from his embrace.

"No," she said; "the memory of the past fortnight cannot be so easily removed. I came here to set you free; you are free—free to marry Eunice Varian. She is fairer and richer than I am."

The bitter words were scarcely uttered when she would have given her very life to recall them.

But it was too late; the pleading, reproachful look in his eyes changed to one of anger, and his face was very pale as he answered, in deliberate, measured tones—

"So be it then. You have chosen the only way in which you could insult me, and have insulted me past forgiveness. I accept my release, and will never look upon your face again."

"If you mean by that that my presence here forces you to leave your mother's house, that difficulty will be overcome in half an hour's time. I am going now—at once. I am quite able to travel alone."

He bowed his head and, without a word, without a glance at her, left the room.

Thyra stood gazing at the door for a few minutes; then, putting her hand to her head as though to stay some strange beating there, she went slowly out into the hall and up the staircase.

In another half-hour she had bidden a stately adieu to Lady Mayne, and was on her way to the railway-station, crying miserably to herself as she sat crouched in a corner of that lady's brougham.

* * * * * *

How dismal the little shabby house in Battersea looked—how wretched the dripping trees in the park, the yellow foggy river!

How unendurable were the daily striving after economy, the petty shifts and contrivances of the narrow household! How torturing to Thyra were Mr. Dudley's angry remonstrances with her for having let Mayne "slip through her fingers"—to

say nothing of Mark's mocking words!

She bore all these trials with the proud composure that was one of her characteristics, and went about her duties, consoling herself with the one dreary thought that day by day her step was growing feebler, her white face thinner—that what she suffered she would not suffer long.

Christmas came and passed. Georgie Mansfield, now Mrs. Crosby, was far away, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean or roaming through Italian picture-galleries with her husband.

Henry Mayne was back in London, working hard at his profession; and Mrs. Varian, still at Mayne Court, was bringing to bear the full battery of her charms—her blue eyes and rose-red lips, her curls and dimples—upon Sir Richard—but as yet without success.

"He will write to me—he will come to me," said Thyra to herself, when she looked out upon the snow and heard the church-bells ring on Christmas Day, the time of reconciliation.

January arrived however, and neither the letter nor the footstep that she waited and hoped for had come.

At last one day she was roused from a painfully bitter reverie by her father saying—

"Here is something for you, Thyra; and—yes, I think I know the hand."

Mr. Dudley, who had gone to the door to meet the postman, was peering closely at a letter that he held in his hand, as he entered the little breakfast-room.

"Why don't you give it to her then?" demanded Mark, an evil look on his pale handsome face.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure it's Mayne's hand; and yet—— Here, Thyra!"

The girl was sitting behind the tea-urn at the end of the table, her face deathly pale, her heart beating violently, although outwardly she remained perfectly calm; she stretched out a trembling hand for the letter, a great wave of color rushing over her face as her gaze fell upon the handwriting.

"Will you excuse me, please?" she said, and, rising from her untasted breakfast, hurried away to her own room.

"I hope it's all right," said Mr. Dudley, looking after her anxiously; "she has never held up her head since she quarrelled with him."

"You ought to have brought an action against him," sneered Mark.

"And killed her outright?"

"Oh, it would take more than that to kill her!"

"You have never forgiven her for refusing to get money for you from Mayne. I think she did perfectly right."

"Indeed! Well, think so if you like," replied the lad, with a sudden evil frown; "but I have not forgotten it—you are quite right there."

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Thyra sank down by her little dressing-table, breathless and trembling, holding her precious letter in her hand.

She read hastily the few lines it contained—a passionate entreaty from her lover for forgiveness, and an earnest request to meet him near the river in Battersea Park.

She was too dazed and intoxicated with her sudden happiness to look at the letter calmly and dispassionately; she barely saw the words.

Oh, how she longed to tell him that she forgave him! She would have died rather than make the first overtures, although she had half confessed to herself that she had been in the wrong; but, now that he had humbled himself, how sweet—oh, how sweet it would be to raise him up!

He would be in the park at 12, he said, and wait there until 4, not wishing to come to the house until he was assured of her forgiveness.

"How like him!" though Thyra, smiling, as she buttoned her gray ulster and sat down by the window to wait until the clock struck 12. "He is so proud, so unyielding! Ah, and so was I; but I have learnt my lesson! I shall be the meekest and humblest wife in all the world!"

She watched her father go away to the City to earn the miserable pittance that was now almost their sole support—for Mark had grown weary of the "high stool" in a fortnight.

She watched her brother lounge out to the gate, look doubtfully up and down the muddy road, and then return to the house; she saw the first heavy drops of rain fall from the low-hanging clouds and trickle down the glass; and then it was 12 o'clock, and she rose to go.

"It is raining," said Mark's sneering voice from the parlor. "Are you going out?"

"Yes—as far as the park."

"Well, I hope he'll be there!"—and the boy returned to his novel.

It was raining heavily as Thyra walked in the direction of the elms by the river, and for a moment the thought that the rain might prevent his coming crossed her mind, but only for a moment.

"It is not too wet for me; if he loves me, it will not be too wet for him," said the girl to herself.

She walked slowly, so that she might not be there before 12:30 at least; but her cheeks were flushed and her heart was beating as if she had been running when she came to the long double row of trees by the river.

There was no one there! The rain fell in a steady downpour now, and she felt almost overwhelmed by the sudden keen disappointment as she sat down, white-faced and trembling, on one of the iron seats.

"Something has detained him—oh, surely not the rain!" she thought desperately. "Perhaps he did not expect me so soon; I ought to go away and come again."

But she did not go away; those months of pain and self-reproach had done their work.

This proud woman who, rather than suffer the slightest neglect, broke her plighted word and set her lover free, sat now, shivering with cold, the rain soaking her dress and boots, waiting and watching with straining eyes the pathway by the river.

From the church-tower 1 o'clock sounded, then two, then three.

She was quite drenched by this time, and her limbs were stiffened with the cold and wet. Even if she had wished to go home, she could not have walked without assistance; but she had no thought of doing so. Shivering violently, she sat staring with hopeless haggard eyes at the driving rain and the yellow dismal river.

"Good heavens, Thyra, are you here still?"

It was not the voice she was expecting to hear; and she scarcely turned her head as her brother Mark approached her, an umbrella in his hand and the collar of his shabby coat turned up about his neck.

"Come home," he went on impatiently—"come home, and don't be a fool! You will catch your death if you stay any longer. Why, you are wet through!"

She shook her head; her stiff dry lips and a horrible sensation of burning and swelling in her throat quite deprived her of the power to speak.

"I tell you you must come home! You are looking like a ghost. It's all a hoax—there!"

"A hoax!"

The hoarse and feeble whisper startled him.

"Yes," he said nervously—"that's the long and short of it, Thyra. But I didn't think you'd take it so much to heart—I didn't indeed! You see, I wanted to pay you out for refusing to help me that time, so I hunted up an old letter of Mayne's to the governor, and copied the handwriting as well as I could—you know I'm pretty smart at that sort of thing—but I didn't think it would deceive you for five minutes."

While he was speaking she staggered to her feet, and the letter—which she had held all this time—fell from her fingers. All the soft youthfulness of her face vanished suddenly, and lines that should have appeared only at middle-age seemed to come about her mouth and eyes.

He put his arm round her waist and urged her forward a few paces.

"Try to walk—you will be better when once you are moving," he said.

She obeyed him meekly, clasping his arm and dragging herself along with great difficulty.

"It was that paragraph in the *Times* which put the whole thing into my head," Mark went on penitently.

She turned slightly towards him and her white lips moved.

"Didn't you see it? He has accepted some appointment or other—an awfully good thing, I believe—in Melbourne, and left England yesterday."

Thyra paused for a moment, and raised her stricken face to the gray clouds and the falling rain; but she made no answer.

"There is Jane at the door, watching for us. I will get some hot water from her, and make you a brandy-punch. Take off your wet clothes immediately, and go to bed."

Thoroughly frightened by the ghastly whiteness of her face, by her continued shivering and the evident difficulty with which she moved, Mark rushed by the maid-of-all-work, and assisted Thyra up the steep narrow staircase to her own room, and then ran down to the parlor to invade the cupboard containing his father's cherished hoard of brandy.

As soon as she was left alone, the girl slipped the bolt of the door and locked herself in, then, crossing the room with a slow and languid step, flung herself—without removing any of her saturated clothes—face downwards upon her bed.

Presently Mark knocked at the door.

"Let me in, Thyra!" he called out. "I have something here to do you good."

The only sound he heard was a heavy monotous sobbing that went on in spite of his appeal.

"Thyra, have you taken off your wet clothes? Thyra"—with an impatient kick against the door—"do you hear me? Oh, very well then; cry away to your heart's content! If I were you, I should be ashamed to cry for such a scoundrel!"

He paused then and listened; but the sobbing did not cease for an instant. Whether she heard him or not he did not know; but there was something in the low incessant sobbing—something so desolate, so hopeless, so forsaken—that the boy's rising anger was quite subdued, and he went down, pale and sorrowful, into the parlor, there to lounge over the fire and listen to the faint echoes of his sister's grief.

"I wish the governor would come home," he muttered uneasily. "She'll do herself some harm, crying on like that! And it is so unlike her to give way so!"

He went to the hall door, and stood there watching for his father. Presently Mr. Dudley appeared, coming slowly through the driving rain.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as he entered, looking curiously at his son's gloomy face. "Where is Thyra? Why does she not come and take my wet coat?"

"There is nothing the matter. She has locked herself in her room, and seems to be employing her time in crying."

"About Mayne, I suppose? He left England yesterday. That letter must have been a farewell."

"I wish you would go up and speak to her. She has been so delicate lately that she will do herself some mischief, crying there in the dark. And the window is open too; you can see it from the outside," urged Mark.

"Oh, I have heard her sobbing like that before—at night!" replied Mr. Dudley. "I am wet and tired now, and want my dinner."

Mark followed his father into the parlor, and they ate and drank in gloomy silence. There was no sound now from Thyra's room; and her brother comforted his conscience with the thought that she must be asleep.

The rain fell and the wind blew, and she who so lately had been one of the petted darlings of the great world called "Society," she who had been reared in luxury, not knowing what sorrow or cold meant, lay alone in her wet clothing, as the keen wind blew in through the open casement and chilled her to the heart, sobbing her young life away for the hope that was gone for ever—for her lost happiness, her lost love.

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"Thyra, if you don't open the door, I'll break it in!"

Mark's reiterated entreaties had at last induced Mr. Dudley to go up-stairs and find out what was the matter. There was no answer to his threat, and the old man turned to his son.

"Kick it in!" he said savagely. "How dare she frighten us like this!"

The lad obeyed, raising his foot and using it as a battering-ram. With two kicks he burst the door open, and then stood aside to let his father enter.

The old man did so, the lamp he carried lighting up the dark, cold room, showed the waving curtain by the window and the motionless figure in its clinging, wet garments lying upon the bed.

"Thyra," said her father tremulously—"Thyra!"

She did not move; her hat had fallen off, and her long disheveled hair lay upon her shoulders and bosom.

One arm hung stiffly over the bedside, the other was doubled beneath her.

"She has fainted," cried Mark hurriedly, "lying here in the cold and wet!"

Mr. Dudley pushed the soft brown hair from her face as the lad spoke, and the fallen jaw, the staring eyes, told another tale.

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"Died from natural causes," said the Coroner's jury, and "Died of syncope," said the doctors.

But that proud, sad-faced man reading the account of her death in a hot, dusty Melbourne office—did he agree with the jury and the doctors?

From the hour of Thyra's death Mrs. Varian's beauty began to fade, and in a year's time Sir Richard Mayne, looking at her, wondered that he had ever thought of proposing to her, and she found herself long before she was thirty only the faded ghost of what she had been.

Lady Mayne's cry to her son, "Come home—come home!" was never answered. The piteous story of the letter and the long waiting in the rain had showed him what deep affection had lain beneath Thyra's pride, and he felt that he was not quite blameless—that he ought to have made the first advances, and have forgiven the proud, loving, foolish young creature.

So Thyra lay in her grave, and, of all those who helped to send her thither, none obtained their desire by her death; and even Eunice Varian is now convinced that evil never prospers, and that it is only those who walk in the path of honor and of duty who win peace at last.

His Best Work.—It is very common for young men, to determine the quality of their work by the price which they are paid for it. "I only get," says such a one, "five dollars a week, and I am sure I am giving five dollars' worth of service. If my employer wants more, let him pay more: if he wants better, let him give better wages." This is specious reasoning, but it is false, and it is destructive to the best work, and, therefore, to the best manhood. No man can afford to do anything less well than his best.

He who always strives to do his best work, in the very process of striving, will grow better and better. Not only will he grow more and more skilful in that particular workmanship, but he will be better equipped for other workmanship. This is an absolutely universal law. It is the absolutely universal road to promotion. The man who is careful to give nothing more than he gets rarely gets any more than he gives.

The man who works for his own sake, who puts the best part of himself into every blow that he strikes, who mixes all his work with brain and conscience, who studies to render the largest possible service regardless of the compensation which it brings, sooner or later will find his way on and up. The world learns his worth and calls him to higher service. Nor is this all. By stirring himself up to do always the best that he can, he grows into a power to do better and ever better.

"Papa," said a pretty girl, as her father came in late, "did you notice the dead body of a young man in the yard?" "Why, no; what's the matter?" I refused Mr. Paperwate to-night, and from the despairing look on his face when he staggered from the house I fear he may have killed himself." "Well, I'm glad you refused him," said he spitefully; "he has just beaten me five straight games of billiards."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Outside of one of the gates of Pekin, is a respectable, old-established wine shop, generally known as the Broken Bowl House. Many years ago, a former proprietor who was condemned to death was reprieved, and ever since, by way of gratitude, the shop has supplied free to condemned criminals passing it on the way to the execution ground as much wine as they wish to drink. Each criminal is supplied with a bowl which, when he has taken the last draught, is silently smashed on the pavement hence the title of the establishment.

A singular case of disputed identity is reported from East Saginaw, Mich. A horse car conductor in that city, it is related, was met by a young lady several weeks ago who accosted him as her brother; that he disappeared from his home near Harrison two years ago, and that the family had mourned ever since over his departure. The father, mother and a brother of the young lady were brought to the city and identified the conductor as Henry Schaefer, but he denies all knowledge of them, stating that he was born in Saginaw and never before saw his alleged relatives.

The second son of a certain royal personage in Germany smokes his pipe in the English fashion, and smokes it morning, noon and night. It is related of him in San Remo that, going to church one Sunday afternoon he started with his prayer-book under his arm, and his briar-root well alight in his mouth. A young English friend of his ventured on a mild remonstrance. "My dear boy," said the English dandy, "you are not going to church with that thing in your mouth?" The prince took his pipe from between his lips and, looked at it. "I beg your pardon, old fellow," he said; "I forgot this was Sunday." He ran back home with the briar-root and reappeared with a meerschaum!

The enormous trade which is being done in violets in Paris this year is reported to be due to a discovery made by a well-known author. He got sight of the receipt used by the Empress Josephine as a unguent for rendering her "beautiful forever," and to which, it is said, she owed that marvelous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of the time. The wife of Napoleon use to have boiling milk poured over a basin full of violet flowers, and with this decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning. No sooner was this old secret brought to light than the Parisian ladies began to order great basketfuls of violets to be left at their doors daily, and this home-made cosmetic is reported to be in daily use this season by thousands.

In the laying out of Franklin Park in Boston, a great many houses had, of course, to be removed to make room for improvements, and they were sold to the highest bidder. One of these was secured by a son of the Emerald Isle, who immediately bought a piece of land in a desert-like locality on which to remove his purchase. When the neighbors heard of this plan they became alarmed, and immediately took measures to prevent it from being carried out. They bought the land of him at a higher price, and he obtained another lot in an equally high-toned neighborhood. Here he was again given something handsome to relinquish his real estate, and it is said that he kept the house on rollers for a year, making money all the time by selling the eligible spots on which he proposed to put his dilapidated shanty.

About a year ago one of Cincinnati's society belles became acquainted, while touring Europe, with a young Englishman, and subsequently their marriage was agreed upon. The event was to come off some few days ago at the bride's home in Hamilton, near Cincinnati, and all arrangements for the ceremony had been made, including the sending of invitations. But affairs suddenly took an unexpected turn. The groom arrived from England and at once set about to learn the size of his prospective father-in-law's money pile. The latter did not meet his expectations, and he therefore, so the story goes, decamped the night of and almost immediately took a train to New York, it is supposed on his way home. Some of his actions prior to departing are said to have been indicative of one greatly confused; if not deranged.

The late Rev. Mr. Thring, head-master of Uppingham, England, was a great advocate for instruction by the eye. One leading feature of the school hall is a series of large medallion portraits of the great teachers of the world. They are arranged in chronological order, beginning with Moses and ending with Sir Walter Scott. Concerning one of these portraits Mr. Thring use to tell a characteristic anecdote. A new boy arrived and, on being shown around the room, he was much struck with the portraits. At last he stopped before one of them, entirely lost in surprise. "Euclid—Euclid!" said he. "Was Euclid a man? I always thought he was a book!" he went on with his examination but seemed to miss something. "At last he turned to his guide, and asked, "Where is Mr. Algebra?"

Nothing will make us so charitable and tender with regard to the faults of others as thoroughly knowing our own.

Our Young Folks.

THE PIRATES.

BY E. C. ELSON.

'A GOLD chain or a wooden leg,' exclaimed his men when Captain Tew harangued them after getting separated from his companion, Captain Drew; so they started alone, overlook a mighty argosy bound from the Indies to Arabia, richly laden, and heavily armed by 300 soldiers, as well as seamen. They fought so well that they secured the vessel, and divided $3,000 a man." "There! what do you think of that?" said Charlie Fincher, laying down an old magazine from which he had been reading aloud to his brother and sister.

"I don't like pirates," said Amy, putting a protecting arm round her doll, as if she fancied that a successor of Captain Tew might be near.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jack, who was the eldest of the three. "Lots of them were fine fellows. Just fancy the courage they must have had to follow that vessel with 300 soldiers on board."

"I call it stealing," said Amy promptly. "I am sure you would let any one take the *Victory* away without you trying to stop them."

"You are only a girl and do not know anything at all about it," said Charlie. "I wish we had some pistols, then we could have some real fun with the *Victory*."

"Only, you see, we haven't any pistols," said Jack solemnly. "Father always keeps his case locked; besides he told us never to touch firearms."

"That's settled, then," said Charlie. "Now Amy, don't sit huddled up as if you were going to be shot."

"I don't like playing at shooting," said poor little Amy almost in tears.

"There, you need not begin to cry," said Jack gently. "We are not even going to speak about guns any more. Where are you going, Charlie?"

"I want to think a minute," said the younger boy walking gravely up the beach towards home. "If I can only hit upon something that will do instead of pistols, we will have a regular good game this afternoon. We will be the pirates of Pitt's Point. Now good-bye till dinner-time."

Leaving his brother and sister to bring home the *Victory*, Charlie ran all the way home.

"Where's father?" he asked of a maid who was crossing the hall.

"He's gone to Bidcup, and may not be back to-night; Mrs. Jessop is dangerously ill. Your mother has gone in the dog-cart with your father. She left word you were not to wait dinner, as she was going to walk home, and might call at grannie's."

"That's just about the most fortunate thing I ever knew," thought Charlie as he turned into his father's study, and threw himself into a comfortable arm-chair.

"We shall not take long over our dinner, and we can start 3 o'clock for Pitt Point. It will take us an hour to get back to tea. That's splendid. I do wish we had a pistol though. I wonder whether that case is open?"

Then, forgetful of his father's commands, Charlie got up and tried the case; fortunately for him and his relations, it was firmly closed.

Now, of course, Charlie had no business to be idling about his father's consulting-room, for, although the pistols were out of reach, there were many other things which would be quite as dangerous in ignorant hands.

Dr. Fincher, therefore, never allowed any of his children to be alone in his room. The housemaid opened the door in a few minutes to tell Charlie he must come out, but he was lying back in the big chair "so peaceful like," that she felt sure he was only resting, so she went to lay the dinner and forgot all about him.

Ten minutes afterwards the boy passed her quickly on the stairs. The children met at dinner, and although Charlie looked very important, and insisted on being called Captain, he refused to give them any hints as to his plans for the afternoon until they went out.

Pitt's Point was a lovely little bay about three miles off. You could not reach it by the beach, except at very low tides, but must go by the main road, and then turn into a narrow lane and scramble down a steep cliff. It was the prettiest and quietest little nook for miles around.

"Now, Captain, where are we going?" asked Jack, as he and his brother started bearing the *Victory* between them.

"To Pitt's Point."

"Then we'd better save the ship behind," said Jack, standing still. "We can't carry her so far as that, and it is dreadfully hot."

"I'll help," said Amy, running back to throw Miss Patience through the open window of the dining-room. "I love Pitt's Point, it's so nice and quiet."

Taking turns in carrying the *Victory* they reached the cove in safety, only meeting a coast-guardsman who knew the children by sight and nodded a greeting to them.

"That's a blessing," said Jack, lying flat on the sand. "The next time you want to play pirates don't choose this place on a broiling day."

Charlie did not answer he was standing with his back to them heaping the sand into a rough sort of cairn.

"Now, Captain, what's the next performance? 'A gold chain, or a wooden leg.' The chain for Amy, and the wooden leg for us, I suppose?"

"Well, I will be Captain Tew, and Amy shall be a queen whom I captured for the sake of her ransom. You must be the king, come to rescue her, then we will fight. Not really, you know, Amy, but we will wrestle as we do at school. The one who wins shall carry off the queen and get the ransom money. But first of all, Jack, you will have to be on my side and help me seize the queen."

Then followed shrieks of laughter as Amy dashed about the cove trying to elude her brothers.

The coastguardsman passing along the top of the cliff smiled, though he could see nothing.

A quarter of an hour afterwards a piercing scream of terror, followed by loud cries for help, made him run to the beach as fast as he could.

What a scene he beheld there! Amy was lying in a hole which had been prepared for her, white and motionless. Charlie and Jack kneeling on each side of her, rubbing her hands, lifting her eyelids, kissing her pale lips and shouting for help.

Charlie gave a great sob as the man approached, exclaiming—

"Hullos, what's the matter?"

"She's dead, she's dead, and I killed her!" said the boy; then sinking on the sand with his face on Amy's arm, he burst into a convulsion of tears.

"What's this?" asked the coastguard, lifting up a bottle which lay near, and sniffing at it, "The place smells like a doctor's shop."

"It's the chloroform," said Jack. "Charlie wanted to play pirates, as he couldn't get the pistols he put a bottle of chloroform in his pocket. We were to carry off Amy that her people might pay us a lot of money to rescue her. Of course she was to scream and make a fuss, so Charlie made her lie down on deck, as he called it, and put some chloroform on a handkerchief, and tied it on her face. She struggled at first, but he said it was all right and so I let him do it. Then she got quite quiet as if she were asleep. We thought she would wake up about the time the *Victory* was ready to start, but I'm sure that's an hour ago, and she has not moved. Amy, darling, speak to me."

Such was Jack's account, not given as plainly as we have put it, but so mixed with sobs that the coastguardsman had hard work to make it out.

"Come, cheer up," he said when Jack stopped speaking. "You are naughty, wicked boys, and I've a mind to give you a thrashing for meddling with chloroform at all; but you are wrong about the time. It's just a quarter of an hour by my watch since I heard you laughing like mad. I've seen my wife have chloroform. She'll come to by-and-by. Just dip a handkerchief into the water and give it to me. If she don't come round in ten minutes we'll carry her home; your father will set her right."

"Father's away until to-morrow," said Charlie with another great sob."

"Whew! That's bad, as he's the only doctor in the place."

Oh, how anxiously the poor boys watched their beloved sister! how eagerly they hailed the first signs of returning life! Then their hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground, for as soon as Amy fairly opened her eyes she began to scream.

The sailor looked at his wits' end: in vain did he take her in his arms and try to comfort her.

She chattered and screamed in a wild way which terrified them all. At last she was exhausted and fell into a natural sleep; then motioning to the boys to follow him, the sailor made his way up the steep path to Frenchton.

Home was reached at last and a weight was lifted from their hearts when they saw their mother take Amy in her arms and carry her away.

Without saying a word to any one the boys rushed into their room, locked the door, and putting their arms around each other, knelt to thank God for saving their sister.

They remained there crouching together till the evening shadows began to fall, and their mother mother's voice called to them—

"Come down to tea, boys, Amy is so hungry."

With bowed heads they entered the dining-room, where little Amy was lying on the sofa, pale but merry.

"Please, Master Charlie, here's the sailor's boy brought your boat," said the housemaid.

"May I tell him to take it home, mother," said Charlie. "I should never like to play with it again. It would remind me of playing at pirates."

"Let him have it by all means, my boy, but I would rather you never forget to-day. Remember always in the future that there is something better than physical courage, and that is the fear of doing what we know to be wrong."

PUNCTILIOUS.—A gentleman in a suburban town went to call upon a lady whose family occupied one-half of a double house. The front doors of the two parts opened upon the same step. At one of the doors the gentleman pulled the bell. The door was opened by a servant, who answered the inquiry regarding Mrs. S. by directing the caller to the other door.

The visitor then turned to the bell-pull on the adjacent door-post, and in a few moments that door was opened by the same servant, who solemnly replied to the second inquiry regarding Mrs. S. by saying that the lady was not at home.

This incident is matched by another that took place in Vienna—rather more than matched, in fact, for the person who played two parts in the comedy had a mood and temper for each part.

"My friend was in Vienna," said a traveler. "He had taken from here a letter of credit on one of the best-known banks and he wanted to draw on it. So he sought the agency of the bank in Vienna. He walked into an office which had a big barricade in front of a long desk, and two small holes cut for the convenience of customers. He walked up to the first of them. A man came up. He handed the letter of credit to him. The man looked at it, and said, very gruffly

"'Next window.'

"My friend went to the next window. The same man came up, took his letter of credit, smiled pleasantly, and said:

"'That's all right. How much do you wish to draw, sir?'"

THAT NEW FROCK.

BY SARAH PITT.

MILLY PRICE was learning to sew; Miss Price, who had learnt long ago—she was Millie's aunt and a quite grown-up person—was sewing also, and keeping a watchful eye upon Milly's shortcomings.

There were plenty of them—puckers where no puckers ought to be, dirty thread that would twist into knots at every other stitch, and alas for the stitches themselves!—long and short, strai ght some, and crooked very many—Aunt Jane had good reason for shaking her head as she inspected that weary hem through her eye-glass.

It—the hem—was the third and last side of a pocket-handkerchief, a handkerchief of a size that Milly had never even imagined before.

She took her own tiny one out of her apron-pocket sometimes to compare them; surely grandpa didn't need to have his new handkerchiefs as big as table-cloths.

"It's hardly fit to be seen," remarked Aunt Jane very disapprovingly to Aunt Mary; "it ought, every stitch, to be unpicked and done over again, and I am sure she has been weeks over it."

Weeks! Milly's private opinion was that it had been nearer months—years, if time was to be counted by her own feelings; and if at the end it had all to be gone over again!

Milly looked from Aunt Jane to Aunt Mary in dire dismay.

"It isn't very nice, certainly," admitted Aunt Mary; "but perhaps—— Oh dear, what a ring! Tim really must be told to knock instead."

This was the boy who brought grandpa's evening paper.

Glad to quit that unsatisfactory handkerchief, Milly flattened her nose against the side window to watch him.

He was not by any means a giant in size, and the bell-handle was rather high up. Tim's usual plan was to plant his bare toes on a narrow projecting ledge, and give a sudden spring at the bell.

Sometimes it answered rather too well, as at present, sometimes it missed, and he would fall with a bang against the door.

A smaller brother, Robin, generally came with him for company, and Robin always surveyed this performance with admiration.

Tim was a miracle of cleverness in his eyes.

Milly looked at the curly head and plump shoulders sticking out of his ragged frock.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, what a pretty boy! If only he wasn't so ragged!—his clothes are all in bits."

Aunt Mary came to the window, the handkerchief still in her hand.

The paper had been duly delivered by this time, and the pair were trotting away down the street to the next customer's house.

"He is ragged, Milly—very; but Robin has no kind mother to mend his clothes, and I am sure Tim never learnt to sew."

Happy Tim! Milly looked after him enviously. No dreary pocket-handkerchiefs in his lot.

It was a great deal pleasanter to go about ringing people's bells; though she was not quite sure that those ragged garments were altogether an advantage.

"It's a fine day now, but they must be dreadfully cold when it rains or snows," she reflected, as Tim scaled the railing to reach old Mrs. Morton's bell.

"Milly!"

She looked round; Aunt Jane had gone out of the room, and Aunt Mary was standing by an open drawer, in her hand a lovely piece of red woolly stuff, with a star-like pattern of yellow spots all over it. Milly was beside the drawer in an instant.

"Oh, how pretty! Aunt Mary, what is it for?"

"I was just thinking, Milly, that that pocket-handkerchief is finished; and instead of beginning another one, how would you like to make a tiny frock for Robin? I will cut it all ready for you."

Milly would like very much indeed; anything was better than the handkerchiefs. Aunt Mary would help her over the awkward bits, and she was not nearly so strict about the mistakes as Aunt Jane.

Milly never doubted that between them it would turn out a perfectly successful garment.

Sewing! this was something like sewing. With her face brimful of importance Milly sat on her stool close beside Aunt Mary the next morning, and joined the seams of that lovely frock; and the yellow stars were splendid landmarks in her progress.

Milly was certain it would be all finished by the time Tim came with Robin and the evening paper.

But, alas! after the seams came the hem, and a very long one it was; slower and slower went the needle, the thread began to twist into knots in the old tiresome fashion, the thimble to come slipping through the hot fingers that had somehow got woefully pricked; and then there would be the gathering, and the sleeves, and the band, and the—the——

Needles, thread, and work lay together in a confused tangle on Milly's lap, her head against the big chair behind.

She heard nothing, remembered nothing, till Tim's energetic peal at the front door woke her up to the sight of her neglected work.

"Well, Milly, how is the frock getting on?" said Aunt Mary, coming briskly in; she had been called out to visitors in the drawing-room. "Nearly finished yet?"

"It's not getting on at all," said Milly, holding it out disconsolately. "I'm quite sure I shall never be able to sew like other people; it isn't any use, and I'm not going to try any more."

"Oh, Milly! and you were to do it so nicely this morning. Poor Robin!"

"You don't you finish it, Aunt Mary, if I threaded all the needles?" whispered Milly coaxingly. "You can do things so quick."

"No, I could not do that, Milly; I have my own work—that is yours. Fold it away; Robin must go ragged till some little girl with more perseverance than mine has will take the trouble to finish it for him."

Milly folded it up in silence, and Aunt Mary laid it on the top of her work-basket without another word.

Milly sauntered across to the window and watched Tim and Robin playing marbles down the street in front of old Mrs. Morton's railing.

She did not feel quite easy in her own mind, or at all sure that Aunt Jane would not presently produce another handkerchief to hem; but the day wore on without any disaster of that kind.

The next day, too, Aunt Jane went in and out at intervals, and stitched away at her big basket of needlework; Aunt Mary sewed steadily at hers; but neither of them suggested that Milly should try her needle, or any kind of occupation whatever.

She walked about the room looking listlessly at the portraits on the wall, and wondered how those old ladies had amused themselves when they had no sewing.

Books were not to be thought of on any account, seeing it was holiday time; so finally she wandered back to the window, and looked down at the people hurrying past (everybody but herself seemed to have something to do or somewhere to go) till it got dark; then the lamp was lit, and the light fell right on Aunt Mary's basket and the yellow stars that were to have adorned Robin's new frock.

She was at the window again the next afternoon when Tim brought the paper; it was not hot to-day, the sun had never once shone out, and a chill breeze was blowing. Robin's rags fluttered round his fat little legs as he stood on the bottom step while Tim attacked the bell.

It resulted in another victory; the bell clanged away for a full minute in the kitchen, and Robin, looking round in triumph, caught Milly's eye at the window and laughed outright.

So did Milly for an instant; then she suddenly sobered down. Little Robin might have had his frock by this if she had not been both idle and selfish; and after all it wasn't a bit nicer doing nothing than it had been sewing.

A few minutes later she crept across to Aunt Mary's chair.

"Aunt Mary," it was a very small whisper, "may I have that frock again? I will try to do it right this time; it's been such a long two days."

There were two days more of stitching, but somehow Milly did not mind it so much.

She thought of Robin's pleased face when he got his frock, and it helped the gathers wonderfully.

It was only one stitch at a time, and the third afternoon it lay finished on the table, while Milly knelt at the window, looking for Tim an hour before his time, in her eagerness to see it really on.

"Come inside, Tim," she cried, as soon as he reached the steps, "and Robin too: I've made the loveliest frock for him. Take that one off, quick."

Tim looked at the tiny garment she held out, as if it had been the Queen's finest robe; then he gave a long astonished whistle.

"Oh my! is that for Robin? won't he be a beauty? It's the first new one he's ever had."

"And the first I ever made," said Milly proudly. It was worth all the stitches, she felt now.

And then, in breathless excitement, the frock was put on.

Aunt Mary stood at the front door in Milly to watch the pair march grandly down the street, Robin pausing every few yards to stretch out his arms and survey his finery with a crow of satisfaction; while Tim, his hands plunged deep in his bottomless pockets administered advice and warnings about taking proper care of it.

"I don't think it looks at all worse for a little girl who could never learn to sew, does it Milly?" laughed Aunt Mary.

Milly sews very nicely now, almost as well as Aunt Jane; but it is doubtful if any later achievement has given her quite as much pride and pleasure as Robin's first new frock.

She does not choose her own clothes yet (Aunt Jane buys what she thinks best); but Milly has solemnly made up her mind that when she is grown up, the first gown she buys for herself shall be a red one with yellow spots.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does.

THE TWO BELLS.

BY S. U. W.

A band of Orient travelers sought
Some trophy of their wanderings to tell,
Forth from a crumbling Indian temple brought,
And seaward bore, the still unshattered bell.

Silent and dark upon the deck it stood,
Nor could their eyes the strange inscription read,
Traced, long ago, in praise of sovereign Boodh—
Great teacher of the way of blameless deed.

Anchored at last within the port of home,
Their light spars touched with sunset radiance fair—
A mellow peal from near cathedral dome
Rang in their ears its vesper call to prayer.

But hark! What sudden marvel there befell?
How swelled the tone to memory so dear?
Some strange, sweet tumult stirred the Indian bell,
And all its vibrant atoms answered clear!

Ah, souls of men! Whate'er be creed or clime,
Still, like the bells, ye thrill in unison;
Sundered, as star from star, by space or time,
One is your cry—the waiting ear is one!

THE DIVINING ROD.

The divining rod—a forked branch of hazlewood—is still used in places to detect not only water, but also metals. Anciently, its functions were still further enlarged, and it was used to mark out boundaries, to discover corpses, and to bring to justice murderers and thieves.

In what way it traced boundaries we do not know; but if it could be thus employed at the present day, it would be very useful, and save a good many disputes, ending not unfrequently in wars; so that it seems a pity that the lost belief in its virtues cannot be revived.

Hermes, the god of boundaries, is always represented with the caduceus, which was doubtless the magic wand thus employed; and the older Egyptian Hermes or Thoth taught the Egyptians how to measure their fields; whilst Romulus employed a *litnus*, which Plutarch describes as a bent stick, to measure out the various regions of Rome. This *litnus* was afterwards laid up in the temple of Mars as a precious relic.

In the present day, the rod is used only to discover water and metals. In Cornwall, England, it is very commonly called into requisition for the latter purpose; and Cornish miners, gifted with the power of the rod, have been employed to search for metals and for water both in Australia and South Africa, and, we believe, generally with success.

It is, however, in the ancient and widespread use of the rod as an implement of divination that the chief interest of the subject lies. All writers who have treated of rhabdomancy, or divination by the rod, have agreed in assigning to it a very high antiquity. They trace it from Scythia, where it is supposed to have originated, to Assyria, Palestine, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and by another route, through Russia and Germany to England.

But if we may judge from sculptures, the use of the rod was by no means confined to the Eastern Hemisphere, for a very ancient Peruvian sculpture represents a figure bearing a forked stick, upon which is perched a bird, both being emblems of divination and augury.

Many traces of this old form of divination may be found in the Bible. Jerome, Cyril, and other commentators assert that the Jews learnt this form of divination in Babylon. The passage in Hosea iv. 12 "My people ask counsel at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them," is referred to the practice of rhabdomancy; and it is supposed that they consulted at the same time both the rod and the idol, the figure of some god being engraved on the rod; an idea which receives some support from the fact that in later times a cross was frequently engraved on the divining rod.

Lebrun describes four old divining rods found in Paris, on which were inscribed the names of the three magi—Baltazar, Gaspar and Melchoir. The rods of Moses and Aaron will naturally occur to the mind in this connection, especially in the miraculous bringing of water from the rock by the former.

The diviners were not slow in taking Moses as an example of the power of the rod, and the hazel was adopted as the special tree from which divining rods should be cut, from a belief that it was that wood which was used by Moses to sweeten the waters of Marah; or, as some say, because of its faint resemblance to the almond, of which the rod of Aaron was composed.

The rod of Aaron was of almond; but tradition says that that of Moses—which was called the rod of the prophets—was cut by Adam from a myrtle of paradise, and was given to him by Thoaib, the father of Zipporah, to whom it had descended, in order to drive away the wild beasts from his flocks.

The power of this rod of Moses over the waters was not confined to bringing water from the rock; it was also used to convert the rivers and streams of Egypt into blood.

It was probably from this apparently divine approval of the use of rods in various ways, that permission was given by law to the Frisians, after their conversion to Christianity, to use divining rods in proving homicide, and the ceremony was performed in church before the altar. Two twigs, one marked with the sign of the cross, were covered with clean wool and laid upon the altar or the holy relics, and a prayer made that God would by a sign discover the guilty.

Magicians everywhere used a wand or rod with which to command or control the spirits they summoned, and with it they traced circles or other signs on the ground, within which figure the enchantment was confined.

Of these forms, the circle was the most common; it doubtless indicated the sun, whilst the crescent indicated the moon; and it is to this latter that the form of the divining rod may, we think, be traced, for the power of the moon over water was recognized in very ancient times. The moon-god was symbolized by horns, which are everywhere emblems of power, and by forked sticks resembling horns; hence, twigs were used by the Anglo-Saxons for casting lots, and are still used by the Hottentots in the same manner.

Two very curious survivals of the old superstitions connected with the use of forked sticks in divination may still be traced in common use:

One is the practice of breaking the merrythought of a fowl, the bird specially used in augury, in order to have a wish; and the other is the "making horns," by pointing the first and fourth fingers at a person credited with the possession of the "evil-eye," in order to avert the evil effects of such a person's glance. This is still in common use in Italy, and probably in other eastern lands.

WHENEVER we cease to hate, to despise, to persecute those who think differently from ourselves, whenever we look on them calmly, we find among them men of pure hearts and unbiased judgments, who, reasoning on the same data with ourselves, have arrived at different conclusions on the subject of the spiritual world.

Grains of Gold.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

Morality is but the vestibule of religion.

A tomb is a monument placed on the limits of two worlds.

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.

Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which in a wise man wisdom hath in keeping.

The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.

Fearfulness, contrary to all other vices, maketh a man think the better of another, the worse of himself.

Since I cannot govern my own tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongue of others.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one great fear who fears to do wrong; he has a thousand who has overcome it.

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life.

Fickleness has its rise in the experience of the fallaciousness of present pleasures, and in the ignorance of the vanity of absent pleasures.

By doing good with his money, a man stamps, as it were, the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

The true order of learning should be, first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.

Femininities.

Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust.

"Lady Dudley," says a current item, "sleeps in black silk sheets."

The Alexandra, a woman's club in London, is but 4 years old, yet has 500 members.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.

"A bag of fleas is easier to keep guard over than a woman," is what the Italians say.

The art of starching linen was introduced into England by a Flemish woman in 1553.

A slender woman should make an economical wife, because there is so little waist about her.

Mary Sharpless, the richest child in America, is 9 years old and worth fifty million dollars.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

The Indiana women's prison and reformatory, near Indianapolis, is managed exclusively by women.

A tart temper never mellows with age; and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use.

We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it resides.

Fine feelings, without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the extreme feathers of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.

Almost every newspaper can be made interesting to feminine readers by cutting out a three-line item and destroying it.

Three score Christian women of Hannibal, Mo., have formed an association for the purpose of enforcing the Sunday law.

From a pretty woman's album: "A stupid fellow compliments a woman on her beautiful teeth, but a clever one makes her laugh."

A small boy, required to write a sentence containing the word "hominy," produced the following: "Hominy marbles have you?"

Miss Dewdrop: "Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?" Miss Rayne, blushing violently: "How should I know?"

Society item from Massachusetts: Two American girls of New Bedford, one 22 years old, the other 19, are to marry two Chinamen, Moy Sing and Moy Lee.

A combination hat or jersey pin has a long needle of dull gold, topped by a polished moonstone, toward which a gold spider, with moonstone body, is crawling.

A dainty knife-edge bracelet bears six delicately chased buttercups mounted at equal distances, each flower holding a dewdrop in the shape of a differently colored stone.

A Connecticut wife, who had been married 40 years, recently asked her husband for ten cents for the first time in her life, and he burst into tears. It nearly burst the family up.

"Why, Mrs. Ballard, how do you do?" "Quite well. How are you, Mrs. Jones? How did you find me in all this crowd?" "By your bonnet. It's the third summer for it, isn't it?"

Some genius with a fancy for handling babies has figured out that a piece of wood the size of a month-old baby would be worn down one-half in six months if handled as much as the average baby is.

Mamma, to Johnny, who is turning up his nose at his dinner: "Come, now, Johnny—many a poor little boy would be glad to have that nice soup." Johnny: "Well, give it to the poor little boy then! I don't want it!"

When a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet she says: "Oh, how exquisitely, deliciously sweet! Its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room!" A Chicago girl simply says: "It smells scrumptious!"

Of all the mean things said by men to and about women, commend us to that crabbed parson, who told the sisters of his flock that "Christ appeared first to women after the resurrection just so the news might spread faster."

A gentleman, at the funeral of his wife, was annoyed to see the carriages containing the friends get terribly mixed up. "I knew perfectly well," he said, with a tone of disappointment, "that this day wouldn't go off without some unpleasant incident."

She wanted to take lessons in archery, but she was very, very verdant. "Have you a bow and quiver?" asked the teacher. "Ye—ye—yes," she hesitated, "I have a beau, but I haven't a quiver any more. He's been coming about two months now, and I'm used to it."

"Papa," said the beautiful girl, as she hid her blushing face on her father's shoulder, "would you object to Mr. Hankinson as a son-in-law?" "N-no, I guess not," said the old gentleman, apathetically; "he might as well be costing me something in groceries as in gas and hard coal."

An odd elopement occurred in Indianapolis. A woman, arrested on the charge of murder, was sent to the hospital for medical treatment. There she became acquainted with a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, and, though he could walk only by the aid of a crutch and cane, the couple managed to elope during the night.

Country tradition affirms that in some mysterious way the vegetable world is affected by Leap Year influences, and among some of the numerous items of agricultural folk-lore current in England, we are told how all the peas and beans grow the wrong way in their pods. The reason commonly assigned for this supposed eccentric freak of nature is, to quote the words of the peasantry, "because it is the ladies' year, they, the peas and beans, always lay the wrong way in Leap Year."

Masculinities.

He who is in love with himself has no rival.

Man was given brains for a purpose. Some never find this out.

It is almost impossible to think of some men reaching a good old age.

Linen was first made in England in 1253, and only worn by the luxurious.

A young lady in Camden is said to have had five lovers all named Samuel.

A young man who intended to press his suit first went and had his suit pressed.

To wilful men the injuries that they themselves procure must be their schoolmasters.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.

In making money a man makes enemies—but don't let that deter you from making money.

A Maine man is trying the experiment of grafting apple twigs into a pine tree. He wants to raise pineapples.

The common house fly is computed to produce in one season, so prolific is its progeny, no less than 20,000,000.

General Wade Hampton says he expected to be killed in every fight he went into, and he was in 134 of them.

The Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the Czar, is said to be able to drink more champagne than any other European prince, even in Russia.

The Mayor of a municipality in Kansas appointed a City Marshal whom the Council didn't want, and the latter, to get even, fixed the Marshal's salary at $1 per month.

A Texas writer of frontier sketches makes use of a human skull for an inkstand. It once belonged, it is said, to a Mexican senorita, who was famous for her beauty.

The minister vainly doth squander his time while seeking earth's evils to check, when he lectures, in language however sublime, to the man with a boil on his neck.

A disk of Roman gold nearly two inches in diameter, and chased in semblance of alligator skin, is a peculiar pendant for a gentleman's watch when worn in the fob-pocket.

An "electric light" scarf-pin represents the globe by a spherical moonstone, the wires by thin oxidized silver bars, and the pole by the pin, which but partly enters the scarf.

In a divorce suit in Sacramento the husband acknowledged that he had contributed for the support of his family during the last seven years the sum of $7. That was a dollar a year.

A Washington, D. C., woman who is trying to get a divorce from her husband, alleges that a short time ago he tried to take her life by chloroforming her while she was asleep.

"Talk of mothers-in-law and sons-in-law not agreeing," remarked Titmarsh. "My mother-in-law and I agree. She says I ought not to have married her daughter, and I coincide with her."

"I hope I am not disturbing you, madam?" he said, as he squeezed by her to go out at the end of the first act. She answered, with a most angelic smile: "Not at all: my husband runs the bar!"

There is a Spanish proverb that a lapidary who would grow rich must buy of those who go to be executed, as not caring how cheap they sell; and sell to those who go to be married, as not caring how dear they buy.

Some of the Western papers are, in view of its being Leap Year, publishing lists of bachelors "worth marrying,"—as if the ladies had not taken good care already to be perfectly well acquainted with this all-important fact.

Father: "Tommy, you should try and be a better boy. You are our only child, and we expect you to be good." Tommy: "It ain't my fault that I am your only child. It is tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got."

Theodwinkle Brown sent a dollar to learn how an advertiser could "guarantee a man to make $1200 a year without work," and was told to put out $12,000 at 10 per cent. He thinks now that an advertiser of "How to Get Rich" has a sure thing.

Rev. Dr. Myron Reed, the well known Presbyterian clergyman of Denver, Col., was once interrupted in a public prayer by a man who shouted "Louder!" Dr. Reed stopped short, looked at the interrupter, and said coolly: "I was not addressing you, sir; I was addressing the Almighty." Then he went on with his prayer.

There is a hotel in this city that only charges half price for lovers, and the proprietor says he makes more money out of this class of boarders than any other people about the house. "Let a youth," he says, "sit up with a yellow spencer and blue eyes on Sunday night, and he will feel so heavenly that he won't get down to pork and beans again till the latter part of the week."

Her character is about all a woman has in this world. A man can pick up a new one every month if he chooses, and no one thinks the worse of him for now and then sitting down in the puddle of immortality. He simply crawls out, gets into the bath-tub, puts on a clean suit of clothes and is all right again. But with a woman it is different. We don't quite see why it should be, but it is.

"Behold that golden and gorgeous sunset, Angelina!" rapturously exclaimed her own Augustus. "Is it not transcendently beautiful?" "Perfectly heavenly." "How the rich crimson melts into the delicate pink! How sweetly both colors blend with the amber tinge of the broken clouds about them! What emotions does that magnificent scene raise in your soul? What does it remind your of?" "Strawberry ice cream with a dash of vanilla," she meekly answered, and she did not leave him a nickel to pay his homeward carfare.

Recent Book Issues.

"Bruston's Bayou," by John Haberton, and "Miss Defarge," by F. Hodgson Burnett have just been published in Lippincott's elegant "American Novel" series. The two are in one volume, and are excellent specimens of the better work of these talented authors. Price 50 cents.

Cassell & Co., New York, have issued in their "Sunshine" series of choice fiction, a revised edition of "Two Men," by Elizabeth Stoddard, a novel of great strength and originality in the delineation of character, and of unusual interest. An appreciative preface is furnished by E. C. Stedman.

No one who gets "The Brown Stone Boy" and other stories, by W. H. Bishop, expecting to find them good, is likely to be disappointed. They are as perfect stories of their kind as could be wished, and being short can be attacked in the hottest weather with confidence. The volume forms the fifth of Cassell's "Sunshine" series. Price 50 cents.

"Society Rapids," just published, is a bright, crisp and breezy novel of fashionable life in Washington, with summer episodes at Saratoga and Bar Harbor. It is a keen, trenchant and lively exposition of high life at the nation's capital, with sufficient satire to give a biting flavor. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Cloth 75 cents.

The new volume of "Ticknor's Paper Series," "Agnes Surriage," is unquestionably a most successful attempt to portray New England colonial life in the form of a novel. Its success does not lie in the mere fact that its incidents are in the main historical. Mr. Bynner, the author, has recreated for us the Boston of our ancestors. He shows us the narrow streets and lanes of the old town, just as they were a hundred and fifty years ago. Price 50 cents.

Three more volumes of the magnificent Library Edition of the works of James Rice and Walter Besant have just been issued, and they are among the best. They include "Ready Money Mortiboy," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," and "The Seamy Side." The first contains a fine etching of Mr. Rice and a preface by Mr. Besant explaining the circumstances leading to their famous literary partnership. Of the merit of these stories we have nothing to say save that every page is full of reasons why they have taken high place among the classic novels of the language. "Ready Money Mortiboy," in its strange drawings of the miserly father and his wayward son, has never been surpassed. "The Chaplain of the Fleet" is a perfect mosaic from the days of the old Fleet Prison of London, its odd marriages and startling characters; and "The Seamy Side" is such a picture of life and people that while it attracts both the head and the heart in its interest both of these elements are the better for the process. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price $1.50 per volume. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Aims of Art" is the title of a short paper by Geo. F. Watts, which opens the *Magazine of Art* for July. Mr. Mortimer Menpes continues his "Personal Views of Japanese Art Writing," and illustrating with equal facility. I. E. Hodgson has a carefully prepared paper on "Old Arts and Modern Thoughts," while M. H. Spielmann discusses "Modern Art." This latter article is finely illustrated. The entertaining papers on the "Forest of Fontainbleau," are continued. There is a curious study of "The Crown, Its Growth and Development," and a highly interesting paper on "Dickens and His Less Familiar Portraits." The paper is illustrated with reproductions from these curious, unfamiliar portraits, some mere sketches, the others paintings. In the department of notes this number is particularly well filled. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

ST. MARK'S EVE.—In the north of England a superstition still lingers to the effect that if a person watch in the church porch on St. Mark's Eve (April 24th) from eleven at night till one o'clock in the morning, he will see the apparitions of all who are to be buried in the churchyard during the ensuing year; and in very many farmhouses on the Border till within a recent date, ashes were sifted over the hearth on that night, in the belief that the footprints of any one fated to die before the next St. Mark's Eve would be visible in the morning.

How these superstitions came to be connected with St. Mark is not clear, but the one last mentioned is evidently related to practices much older than Christianity, which still prevail in some of the islands that stud the Indian and Pacific Oceans. These practices are based on the belief that spirits are sufficiently substantial to leave visible marks of their presence.

The Philippines expect the dead to return on the third day after interment, "wherefore they set a vessel of water for him to wash himself clean from the grave-mould, and strew ashes to see footprints." The Talmud gives infallible directions for detecting the presence of evil spirits who attack men in the night time: to strew sifted ashes by the bedside, and in the morning there shall be seen, "as it were, the marks of cocks' feet."

THE only Complexion Powder in the world that is without vulgarity, without injury to the user, and without doubt a beautifier, is Pozzoni's.

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

MUCH has been said and written about the drawbacks, pains and penalties, attached to a small income; but no one has seen the necessity to call attention to the fact that judicious administration of a limited yearly amount contains, in itself, a good many of the elements of pleasure.

Certainly, there is no danger of satiety in the amount of indulgence in luxurious pleasure; but that is a good at the outset.

I have studied the subject from various points of view: from history from observation, from experience, (best of the three).

I have seen "betterdays," have undergone losses which have made an appreciative difference in private expenditure; have had to forego things which in former years were necessaries, but which would now, if indulged in, be luxuries.

I have had to deny myself the pleasure of travelling, of going to places of amusement, of indulging the love of buying pretty things, of giving kindly gifts.

True, I have had more care, more anxiety, more actual hard bodily and mental work; the future—and how to meet it has sometimes been an ugly nightmare in my waking hours.

Hours have been spent over accounts where only minutes were before, in the vain hope of being able to reduce, there to pare away a trifle; old garments have been renovated, old furniture upholstered, old books read, old songs sung.

Hard lines, at first glance all this seems to be, after knowing no former stint. And yet was there not a subtle pride in wearing the robe transformed by one's own skill; was there not a double sense of proprietorship in its possession? And does not the chair or sofa assume an added interest as being one's own handicraft, and the means of developing a talent for invention lying latent and undiscovered?

To be clever enough out of the scanty store, and without any sensible diminution or alteration of daily fare, to save a small sum against the inevitable rainy day; to produce proudly, unexpectedly, and amidst the undisguised delight of the household, enough for a summer's outing or an evening at some place of amusement; to be able to buy some dainty work of art to embellish the dingy room; to purchase a flower or a delicacy for a friend's sick-room, help to make some red-letter hours in the prosaic depressing labor of making two short ends meet.

There are certainly the contrary lights to the picture, which, in a dispassionate view of circumstances, must also be considered.

The quelling of generous impulses, in degree, if not in kind; the being obliged to do or seem to do, little mean, unaccustomed things, the sinking down ever so little in the opinion of one's small immediate world even though we know the opinion is not worth much; the constant necessity of thinking of money and money's worth—always a sordid and unelevating business; the stern denial given to one's tastes and wishes for fair surroundings, these are some of the drawbacks the owner of a small purse experiences most keenly.

And yet, by comparison with those who have but to say the word, and their very wishes are complied with, those to whom obsequious shopkeepers bow, whose tables are covered with delicacies, who can command pleasure and all its accessories at their will, to whom the graceful amenities of life come easily and almost unasked, I maintain that in comparison with these the man with a small purse gets more real, natural, fresh, unalloyed delight out of his long-wait-for pleasure, of whatever kind it may happen to be, than does the rich man.

The mere planning and the forecasting of the infrequent pleasure is in itself a delightful exercise; the getting the utmost value for one's own money, irksome in most cases, is full of interest in this.

The person of limited income, trammeled though he may be in the constant, earnest care to keep free of debt, is not weighed with the heavy responsibilities which a man of large means, a landed proprietor, or merchant, or manufacturer who employs labor, if he be at the same time a thoughtful and conscientious man must always feel.

I do not despise wealth; I think money is a great sweetener and smoother out of the difficulties of life; but great wealth brings its own special cares.

I have known rich men who enjoyed their wealth, whose hearts were as large as their purses; who did kindly deeds in out-of-the-way places and manners; who gave felicitously, which is itself an innate gift, with lavish hand; who were humble, gentle patrons of art and literature; whose gold could not corrupt them or tarnish their sweet and simple natures.

Others I have known who have lain awake—tossing for the want of that rest no fortune can buy—wondering where and how they could invest their quickly gotten money, so as to bring in the highest returns; who lost their health in the mad race for wealth and hoarded their gold to its detriment and to their own destruction.

Another pleasure of the comparatively poor I must not omit, but which I must confess belongs to the feminine portion of the necessarily economical household and that is the delightful pastime of bargain-hunting. "Cheap Sales "Great Reductions," "Job Lots," "Bankrupt Stocks," "Sale of Manufacturers' Stocks," words most alluring to a woman's ear, and especially to the woman of small income; most unfortunate that this should be so, for these are the very places she must avoid—and does not.

Finally a small income induces some very worthy virtues, and helps to destroy some grave errors.

It inculcates prudence and forethought, and economy, of which Cicero said: "Economy is of itself a great revenue;" it induces self-denial, self-reliance, and habits of regularity.

It also teaches though in a slow and somewhat painful school, patience and contentment, except in some exceptional natures, where the constant watchful grinding narrows the sympathies and deadens all the emotions except self-pity.

It developes possibilities for good, and calls into prompt action powers of nature undreamt of before, and binds the members of a family more closely together in the bonds of a common and sacred labor.

Be this as it may, it is a grand thing to believe that it is possible to be happy, though we toil to win the happiness, and reach it but on rare occasions, which being few and far between, have the more likelihood to be the nature of angels whose visits they resemble.

WOMEN IN HOLLAND.—A marriage by proxy, or, as it is called, "marriage by the glove" is prevalent in Holland, and is brought about by the fact that many of the eligible young men after having finished their education depart from Dutch India to engage in some lucrative commercial enterprise or to accept a position in the colonial service.

The scarcity of marriageable white ladies in that clime induces the would-be husband to write to a friend in Holland, disclosing his wish for a wife.

The friend selects a willing young lady, generally one with a substantial dot and otherwise conforming to the specifications of the letter. A photograph of the favored one is enclosed in the return epistle.

After the lapse of a few months a soiled left hand glove, with a power of attorney, is received from the far away bachelor. The friend in Holland marries the selected bride in precisely the same manner as if he were the actual groom, and the young wife departs in the next India mail steamer to bring happiness to the lonely one in the far East.

A marriage of this description is as binding as if the bridegroom were present and is never repudiated. If either party to the glove marriage should die before the meeting in India the survivor would share the property of the deceased in accordance with the law.

The wives and daughters of the lower class try in every way imaginable to aid the husband and father to procure a living. In summer you will observe hundreds of them on their knees in the public squares armed with a three-inch spike weeding the grass blades from between the stones, for which they receive twelve cents a day. Others are engaged in wheeling sand into outward bound merchant ships, to be used in ballast.

You will see a woman pushing a wheelbarrow, containing about 200 pounds of sand, up a broad gangway inclined at least thirty degrees at a gait simply wonderful considering that the wheeler is of the weaker sex.

You will often meet a small procession on the towpath of the River Amstel, consisting of mother and two or three children, harnessed to the towline of the canal boat, very much in the manner of American mules.

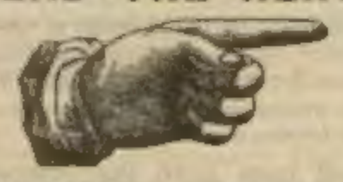
They hang, as it were, to the harness, and their swinging regular walk proves that a greater part of their lives has been passed in this way. When the boat comes abreast you feel like using a rope's end on the father of the family, who, placidly smoking his pipe, sits in the stern steering the vessel, but your anger will cool when investigation shows that if he took to the towpath and allowed his wife to the helm, all damages for collisions, etc., would have to be paid by him.

You cross a railroad track and casting a glance along the iron path, a woman, dressed in red tunic and glistening helmet catches your eye. She is the watchwoman at the crossing.

At every railroad in Holland this position is filled by a woman and the railroad officials have assured me that no accidents has ever been caused by a watchwoman's carelessness. They receive twenty guldens ($8) per month.

TO BE happy is no selfish indulgence, no favored condition of fortune; it is a duty we owe to others and to ourselves, a state of mind which we should all strive to acquire.

READ THE NEXT ☞



COLUMN ARTICLE. ☜

POULTRY.—At this time, if hens be allowed the run of the farm they will often hide out their nests and get well started to setting before they will be noticed. The only plan to avoid this is to keep their quarters clean, so that as far as possible they will lay in the poultry-house.

VEGETABLES.—All kinds of vegetables can be canned in glass fruit jars and stored away in a cool place for winter use. Peas, corn, beans, tomatoes, etc., are very easily prepared and canned. Pumpkins, squash, and apples may be cooked to a sauce and canned for ready use in winter.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

By the laws of most European countries it has been possible, down to quite recent times, to imprison a man for debt. The tendency of advancing civilization has been to bear more and more lightly on the debtor, and the contrast is a striking one between the Roman code, which sold a man into slavery to pay his debts, and the loosely woven bankruptcy laws in some of the States of the Union, through whose expansive meshes the most arrant swindler finds comfortable exit.

In England the old harsh laws concerning debtors were abolished in 1838, and still more lenient regulations were adopted in 1869, but imprisonment is still possible in certain cases, as when there is good reason to believe that a man intends to evade his debts by leaving the country, or when a debtor refuses to settle a claim decided against him by the courts, and in some instances when fraud in incurring debt has been very palpable; but even in these cases the imprisonment cannot continue longer than a specified time—usually a year.

In France, imprisonment for debt was abolished by a decree of March 9, 1793, but it was re-enacted several years later. It was again abolished in 1848, but was re-established a second time during the same year.

The law has been greatly modified, however, during the last twenty years, and now imprisonment for debt is permitted for a limited period only, proportioned to the amount owing, and certain classes are exempted from the law, as, for instance, those under twenty or over seventy years of age, ecclesiastics, and women not engaged in commerce.

In cases of debt incurred by frauds or bad faith, the punishment is adjudged by the penal code for the dishonest act and not for the debt.

In nearly all foreign countries there are similar regulations, though in all, we believe, including France, the entire cession of the property of the debtor to his creditors will procure immunity from personal process, even though it may not cover the amount owed.

IN THE SUN.—Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine.

Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it.

They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness.

Is it not time to change this and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage to their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate, they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influence in this transformation.

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER:—That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That all are not princes who ride with the emperor.

That correction is good when administered in season.

That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.

"BIG Wages and How to Earn Them," is the title of a new book. Now, what most men want is the big wages, and they don't care so much whether they earn them or not, so long as they get them.

"WHAT AILS YOU?" You don't know? Then why don't you try

WARNER'S SAFE CURE?

Oh, my Kidneys are all right! "Are they?" You perhaps don't know that *CONSUMPTION, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, STOMACH DISORDERS, MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER AND AGUE, HEADACHES, LIVER DISORDERS, IMPAIRED EYE SIGHT, CONSTIPATION, ABSCESSES, ERUPTIONS, IMPOTENCY, LAME BACK, LUMBAGO, BOILS, CARBUNCLES,* and among women *FEMALE COMPLAINTS* prevail mostly among people, who, like yourself, insist that they have no kidney disease! They have and don't know it. You will never get well of the above and countless other common disorders, which would never prevail if the Kidneys were all right, unless you restore the unsuspected disordered Kidneys by that great blood tonic and purifier,

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

Humorous.

THE SEASIDE BELLE.

She's rather good-looking, and stately, and tall,
With cheeks like a doll's, of the brightest red shade,
She walks with an air, and she speaks with a drawl,
The moment she enters where people parade!
But these are distinctions that curiously fade—
Nay, all in a fortnight are lost to renown,
And quickly you'd see the deceit she had played
If only you happened to meet her in town!

She holds up her head that is shapely and small,
With hair like a schoolboys in cutting delayed;
She looks on herself as the empress of all
The moment she enters where people parade!
But, then, we have heard that a spade is a spade;
And though on the pier her ways may "go down,"
You'd find her, I fancy, a poor little maid
If only you happened to meet her in town!

She's perfectly sure that a Croesus will fall
In love with her figure (which puts in the shade
The ugliest camel I ever recall),
The moment she enters where people parade!
But figures are things that are poorly displayed
At the dingy o sh desk of the draper, John Brown;
And there you would find her, a clerk badly paid,
If only you happened to meet her in town!

—U. N. NONE.

A country seat—The top fence rail.

Quite a neck and neck race—Giraffes.

What runs best when it is tired?—A wheel.

Men who are a great deal run after—Fugitives from justice.

"Luxuries are high this year," said the small boy, as he climbed for the preserves on the upper shelf.

Amy: "Did you ever see a morning glory?" Cora: "Yes, indeed: my husband often gets home at 5 A. M."

There are times when a man feels that one good sneeze would do him more good than a hundred dollar legacy.

Why is "e" the most unfortunate of letters?—Because it is never in cash, always in debt and never out of danger.

When you come right down to the facts in the case, it's the loose-fitting straw hat that shows which way the wind blows!

The old-fashioned horse pistol was doubtless so called not so much because it was carried by troopers as because it kicked like a horse.

Down at Atlantic a single wave from a pretty woman's handkerchief will attract more attention than all the waves of old ocean put together.

It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But this country started in business with 13 States, and seems to be still holding her own.

Spindel: "I lent young Overdue a little money last week, Jack. Do you know him?" Jack: "Do I know him? I wish I had as many dollars as I know him."

A magazine article is entitled, "How a Letter Carrier Walks." Should you encounter it, and read it, you will be surprised to learn that he walks with his legs.

Editor: "Did you study the constitution while you were at school, Miss Jones?" Miss Jones, blushing painfully. "Oh, no, sir; I think physiology is dreadfully immodest!"

Magistrate, to plaintiff with a lump on his head: "If your wife threw a sadiron at you why didn't you dodge?" Plaintiff: "I did, your Honor, and that's how I came to get hit."

"Mamma, what is the matter with my thumb? It hurts me every time I squeeze it." "Don't squeeze it, dear." "But, if I don't squeeze it, how can I tell whether it hurts?"

Policeman, to citizen clinging to lamp-post: "My friend, you will have to move on." Citizen: "Move (hic) on? Gra-grashus, ofshur, I'm (hic) makin' 80 miles n' hour now."

According to a superstition of the mediæval church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told. The reason why cocks crow so persistently in the early morning hours is because the morning papers are then being printed.

"Say, Jack, I see you wear a military hat, and people call you captain. I didn't know you were ever in the army?" "Well, no, I never was, but I am drawing a pension and feel as though I ought to do something for it."

She, to George, who is taking her out for a ride, and whose horse has balked: "Don't be annoyed, George. Have patience, and he will move on presently." He: "Patience, my dear! Why, I am paying for the wretched beast by the hour!"

"And if I should die, dear," said a sick husband, "will you sometimes visit my grave?" "Yes, John," she replied, brokenly, "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I will take the children. Poor little things, they don't have much to enjoy."

Mr. Darringer, who has a weakness for pretty nurse girls: "What a pretty baby (snapping his fingers at the baby and boldly eyeing the girl), and such an elegant carriage! Whose baby is it?" Pretty nurse: "It is yours, sir. Mrs. Darringer engaged me this morning."

The rooster would be a much more popular bird if he could only be induced to feel that there is no real, vital necessity for his reporting his whereabouts between midnight and 3 A. M. We know that he is at home, in the bosom of his family. So are we, but we don't get up in the night to brag about it.

Ice dealer, to applicant: "Ever been in the ice business, boy?" Boy: "No, sir." Ice dealer: "H'm. Know anything about arithmetic?" Boy: "Yes, sir." Ice dealer: "H'm. What would 20 pounds of ice amount to at a cent and a half a pound?" Boy: "Seventy-five cents, sir." Ice dealer: "H'm. You seem a likely lad. I guess I'll give you a trial."

THE WOMAN OF BURMAH.

Burmese women are not hidden, as in most Oriental lands. They go about town, rule their husbands and the household, drive the best bargains when selling the produce of their fields, wear at evening or when visiting religious places, gay-colored silk "tameins"—generally of some shade of red—and have a scarf of bright yellow figured silk over their shoulders; dress their coal black hair in most becoming style, rarely failing to have a pretty sprig of flowers in the chignon.

The women of Burmah cover their arms and fingers with bracelets and rings, encircle their ankles with silver anklets, and fill their ears with gold and jewels.

When a number of them are together they make a gay and pretty picture. The colors used by a single individual do not seem to harmonize, but when several are in a group they make a most harmonious whole.

The women are far from being ill-looking, and many are not only pretty, but really beautiful. They do not fade and grow old as in Japan and Siam, but continue fair when fat and forty.

When looking into their full faces one sees decided beauty. The profile, however, is defective. They have all the Mongolian cast of face—high cheek-bones, short noses, and flat visage.

These make a bad side view. They are all self-possessed, without boldness; easy and graceful in deportment, without either coyness or coquetry. You will ask how I can form an opinion (says a correspondent) on so short an acquaintance.

I will reply, I saw many women at the various pagodas visited—in the shops, and attending the bazaars, and have fortified the result of my own observations by information gained from men and women who have resided here for many years. Europeans have opportunities for studying this people not given elsewhere in the East—for the intercourse between the sexes is free as anywhere in Christendom.

Marriage is simply a civil contract; dissolved, the property is equally divided between the parties. Certain forms are gone through before the elders, and the knot is untied.

Not only do the women trade and attend the shops, manage the household, and do light field-work, but we saw squads of them sweeping the streets in Mandalay.

In going up and down the river we landed at several towns and villages. I, when possible, took a few minutes' run through the little towns.

They were all very dusty and dingy. The houses are a framework on posts, with walls of plaited bamboo or woven palm. There was no evidence of any luxury—a few flowers in pots the only attempt at ornamentation.

When the steamer would reach a landing-place, one would hear a plunge and splash under the bow; then others in succession. These were made by the deck-hands leaping into the river and swimming to the shore with the line.

Then one would see the brow of the high bank bright in red, white, yellow, and orange, and all tints of those made by the gay garments of men and women gathered to see the landing.

A woman's dress is the "tamein," a strip of cotton or silk, reaching from the waist to the ankles. This is wrapped once around, and girded at the waist.

Around the bust, leaving the upper part bare, is a strip wrapped in a fold. A scarf goes over one shoulder, falling under the other arm and caught. This can be spread so as to cover both shoulders.

Ordinarily, however, the shoulders, arms, and upper bust are bare, and in walking the "tamein" parts on one side so as to slightly expose the leg considerably above the knee.

In Rangoon many of the native ladies wear a short white jacket. I think this is a modern innovation, borrowed from white people.

THERE is one man who travels on the street railways who should be told that the public eye is on him. He is the foxy individual who is so absorbed in his newspaper that he does not see that a woman is clinging to the strap in front of him. When, however, he has nearly reached the street he seeks, he suddenly discovers that he has been negligent of his obligations as a gentleman. Rising from his seat he ostentatiously tips his hat, points to the vacant seat, and, as the tired woman thanks him he smiles with calm self-satisfaction. Then he leaves the car, and the philosopher who has watched him exclaims: "There goes a fraud."

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THERE is scarcely any man, how much soever he may despise the character of flatterer, but will condescend, in the meanest manner, to flatter himself.

TIME is the greatest of all tyrants. As we go on towards age, he taxes our health, limbs, faculties, strength and features.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1888.

Commencing on Saturday, July 7, the store will close at 1 P. M. on Saturdays until further notice.

A BUDGET OF SILK NEWS.

We thought a real Shantung Pongee, free from dust, at $5 the piece of 19 or 20 yards, a big drive. It is. But here's a Shantung Pongee nearly as good at $4.

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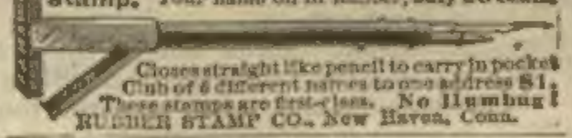

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For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

Her qualities of character, her social position, and her five years' experience as Assistant Lady Principal at Vassar College, have won for her success and merited approval in the social training of young ladies.

In the autumn of 1888 Mrs. De Saussure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 147 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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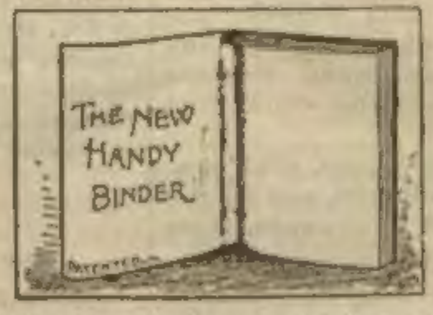

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The new ribbons are so varied in their nature that they deserve further comment.

Most of the French bonnets hitherto have had rather narrow strings, but the ribbons used for the bows which crown so many of them are from six inches to eight inches wide.

These are shot in many most harmonious mixtures, and show every variety of border and edge, except the picot, which has quite gone out.

Moire ribbon stripes are introduced at regular intervals in the centre, or grouped all one side, which is the latest introduction and have a stripe of shaded silk in the all the rest moire.

Twill ribbons and twill borders are used, and pin spots thrown on stripes. Very pretty are some of the misty stripes which run one into another.

There is one special feature produced not by warp and woof of different tones, but by dying one shade upon another, so that both assert themselves.

Peau de gant is a make of ribbon which is as strong as leather, and shows the colorings to the greatest perfection.

Chines are used principally for sashes, one description will suffice to show their charm.

A faint white and maize shot ground, with a darker maize border only an eighth of an inch wide; on the centre, a number of dainty little boquets, colored naturally, but seen as through a mist, after the manner of chines. This is produced by the pattern being carefully printed on the woof before weaving.

To realise exactly what the nature of this year's ribbons and silks are it is necessary to understand the fashionable colorings and combinations.

The favorite new tones are: Feu, a flame red, mostly shot with cream; Pistache, called also Marjolaine, Arab, and Campana, earthly reds; Iceberg, which is electric, with a dash of grey; Ecorce and Rhone, light grey greens, with Sandal, newer and browner than vieux rose.

But it must be borne in mind that this is a year of demi-tints, and that nearly every tone is used in combination with another—red and blue, brown and green, brown and red, cream and grey, Nil and orange, ochre and cresson (the watercress green), smoke and beige, myrtle and copper, navy and bouton d'or. These are only some of many mixtures.

So universal is this union of tone, that it asserts itself in the tulles and gauzes used in millinery, which show a double face.

There is a fine make of gossamer gauze, such as was used sometimes for veils; the woof blue, the warp golden-brown, varying in every light. There are many new materials in millinery.

Lisse of two shades of the same tone and mausseline tinsel; and scarves of the same are worked in such a way that they are strong and stiff enough to stand up in the fan-shaped pleatings which are introduced on the fronts of many bonnets, while some of the lisse has been kilt-pleated before embroidering, in order to give it substance.

Bonnet crowns ready for using are embroidered to shape, and bead ruchings and coronets are to be had for the same purpose. Metalic lace, worked in Torchon patterns, are much employed in millinery.

To be fashionable, artificial flowers must most nearly approach to nature.

Indeed, natural grasses, natural lavender, and rose stems subjected to certain processes, which make them durable, are mixed with nosegays, which look as if they had just been gathered, small bunches standing up loosely, the stems visibly tied with grasses.

Cowslips, tulips, sweeet peas, wild hyacinths, blue bells, cornflowers, and dandelions, intermixed with blowaways, these are what find most favor.

Stiff hard bunches arranged as we have been accustomed to see them a long while are now out of date, the more careless and unsteadied floral arrangements are the better.

Still "the thirst for gold" continues, tinsels runs through all the new trimmings, appears in the new brocades, and asserts itself in the florist department in the form of gold rosebuds set in a cluster of leaves, and as silver stems hung with Venetian shells for aigrettes, which closely resemble lilies of the valley starting from a bed of ostrich feathers.

A new roseleaf has been brought out which boasts of the fleshy transparency of the real flower, and indeed almost any of the present blooms might be mistaken for real, save after a close inspection.

A tea gown is one of the luxurious and comfortable garments in a woman's wardrobe, and admits of any amount of new and original fashion.

A bark blue plush Princess robe has a grey poplin loose front, draped with blue gimp chains; a twilled cream woolen, printed in steel tinsel, with oriental hieroglyphics, has a snot green and brown silk petticoat, which appears at the back, between cream woolen, in pyramids of pinked-out flounces; a wide collar at the neck, with gold and steel canvas trimming.

But the gem of the collection is a light leather-colored bengaline, flowing in soft graceful folds, the back having some five rows of gatherings where it joins the bodice. It opens in the front, and again at the sides, to show a glace pink petticoat with a frill at the hem, veiled with a rich and heavy make of lace, the design outlined in gold thread.

This appears again among the folds of the bodice, which has a box pleat of the material brought from each shoulder, ending below the waist in points with satin drops.

There are close-fitting elbow sleeves, and over these fall long wing sleeves, after the order of those on an Academic robe.

The texture of the material, the combination of color, and the grace of the drapery deserve special commendation.

The newest petticoats are made in shot silk, with pinked-out flouncings, having three steels at the back. They are most useful wearing with teagowns, which having no steels in them need some under propping.

A good many very stylish dinner dresses are made with little open jackets, cut low in the neck and fastened on the chest over a plastron or waistcoat; the pointed fronts fall apart at the waist, but are quite short at the hips, where they join the bodice again at the side seams.

A charming model in this style is made of pale pink faille; the plain, short and moderately full skirt is bordered with several rows of silver braids sewn on in groups, and opens over a narrow straight tablier of white satin embroidered with silver, to which it is fastened on each side at intervals by butterfly bows of pink satin ribbon.

A pink faille tunic is gracefully draped over the skirt, forming a graduated line from the front of the waist on each side, and falling in plain straight folds at the back.

The open jacket fronts are bordered with silver braid, and show the point of a white satin plastron, embroidered with silver like the tablier.

Revers of silver embroidered satin are turned back over a deep lace collar, which meets on the chest under a bow of pink ribbon, with a cravate end of lace falling over it.

The pink faille elbow sleeves are finished off with rows of silver braid, deep lace ruffles and pink bows.

The corsage is high at the back but open to the chest in front.

Very light woolen fabrics and thin silks and foulards for summer toilettes are ready although scarcely likely to be much in demand just yet.

In woolen fabrics mousseline de laine, voile, armure, and bengaline, will be most fashionable, and these, like the foulards and silk bengalines, are in many varieties of striped, spotted and floral patterns.

The flowers in favor this season are large thistles and water lillies and other water plants, these last in groups, as they appear growing above the surface of the water.

Large designs are most popular, but there are small ones also; more in the Louis XV. style of fine wreaths and garlands, besides scattered sprays and boquets in finely shaded tints, and more conventional designs, such as rings, spots and bars of graduated lengths.

Odds and Ends.

A FEW RECEIPTS FROM GERMANY.

Bread Balls for Soup.—Cut the crumb of a stale loaf into small pieces, put them in a basin, and pour over enough hot water to moisten, without making them too wet, let them cool; chop an onion, lay it in the frying-pan with a large lump of dripping and some chopped parsley, and fry a light brown: mix it with the bread, and, when cool, add two well-beaten eggs, salt, pepper, and sufficient flour to bind; make the mixture into small balls, and drop them into the soup about fifteen minutes before serving.

Potato Balls for Soup.—Grate four cold boiled potatoes, mix with them a little parsley chopped, and rub into them 1 oz. of butter; beat up with them the yolks of four eggs and the white of one, make into small balls, which roll in breadcrumbs; fry a golden-brown in dripping, place in the tureen and pour the soup over them.

Garnished Herrings.—Wash and bone three or four herring (either fresh or pickeled), lay them in milk for two or three hours, then dry and cut them in long strips; making a dressing of oil mustard, and vinegar, and finely-chopped Spanish onion; pile the herrings on a dish, put slices of cold boiled potatoes, beetroot and cucumber (or pickled gherkins) round them and pour the dressing over; garnish with cut-up lettuce, celery and hard boiled eggs, and, if in season small onions.

Filled Eggs.—Boil four or five eggs till quite hard, lay them in cold water, shell and cut them in half crosswise, carefully remove the yolks, and cut the tips off the whites, so they will stand in a dish. Put the yolks in a basin, and rub up with them a small piece of bresdcrumb slightly soaked in milk, some chopped capers, and two washed, boned and finely minced sardines. Add a very little oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. Mix all well together fill the whites with the mixture, garnish the dish with aspic jelly, and keep in a cool place until wanted.

Ox Eyes.—Cut a stale French roll into slices about ½ inch thick, remove the crumb without breaking the crusts, put the latter into a frying pan with a little dripping or lard, and fry them a light brown drain and place them in a buttered dish; break an egg carefully into each; round with the yolk as much as possible in the centre; pour a teaspoonful of cream and a pinch of salt over each, and stand the dish on the stove or in the oven until the whites of the eggs are set.

Ham and Potatoes.—Beat the yolks of 2 eggs in little melted butter, about 2 ozs., cut some thin slices of cooked ham, dip them in it; butter a dish or pan, lay in it a layer of cold boiled and sliced potatoes, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, then put a layer of the pieces of ham, another of potatoes, and so on till the dish be full, finishing with the potatoes. Pour over this half a pint of cream, stand the dish in the oven and bake quickly.

Baked Tongue.—Wash a fresh ox tongue, put in a saucepan with some carrots, turnips, a celery root, pepper, salt, and plenty of water; boil it removing the scum as it rises: when soft, take it out of the pan and skin it, cut up an onion and a little lemon peel very finely; brown them in bacon fat, make holes in the tongue, and fill them with the mixture; return it to the saucepan with part of the liquor in which it was boiled, and steam it for a few minutes; then place it in a baking dish, mix half a pint of cream with some of the liquor, baste the tongue with it, and bake it a nice brown. But it in slices, lay them in the centre of a dish, pour the sauce over, and serve with baked potatoes round them.

Chaudeau Pudding.—Beat two teaspoonfuls of fine flour quite smoothly into the yolks of seven eggs, add a short pint of white wine, a little grated lemon peel, nutmeg, and 3 ozs. of castor sugar; when well mixed, put it into a small saucepan, and let it simmer over the fire until thick, then leave it to cool; melt 2 ozs. of butter and stir it into the mixture, also the yolks of two eggs, a little more sugar if required, and then add, beating all the time, the whites of seven eggs, previously whisked to a froth, put the mixture into a buttered mold and bake it; before it is quite done (it will not take long) sprinkle sifted sugar over it two or three times, so as to form quite a crust; serve in the mould or dish in which it was baked.

Coffee Pudding.—Soak the crumb of a small stale loaf in some very strong black coffee; melt 1 oz. of butter, mix with it 1 oz. of sugar, 1 oz. chopped almonds, and the beaten yolks of four eggs, then the whisked whites of three, squeeze out the bread slightly, and beat it into the other ingredients, allowing sufficient to make the mixture of the consistency of a cabinet pudding; pour it into a buttered mold, and bake it in a moderately hot oven, or boil and serve with sweet sauce.

WOMEN may not have a great head for many things, but they have for secreting valuables. There is a woman in Camden who possesses some handsome diamonds. She puts them in a box, puts the box in a bag, put the rag bag on the closet floor, and at night puts the watch dog in the closet on top of the rag bag, locks him in there, and every night hides the key in a different place. Her husband says that if she had her way she would arm him to the teeth and put him in the closet with the dog.

ASK an esthete to repeat this: "I saw the shining sun slowly setting by the slimy shallow sea-shore." Question to follow: "If I saw the shining sun slowly setting by the slimy shallow sea-shore, where was the slimy shallow sea-shore by which I saw the shining sun slowly set?"

Confidential Correspondents.

GOLDEN RULE.—The "golden rule" is simply "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Nothing can be more terse; and it summarises a very practical philosophy of life.

LINE.—Bees, after having loaded themselves with honey, always fly back to the hive in a direct line, hence the expression bee line, which means the straightest course from one point to another.

HOPE.—In your case the complaint does not amount to dipsomania. The very fact that you can abstain for six months shows that you may ultimately conquer your trouble. In the case of a genuine dipsomaniac there is no resource but permanent restrain.

ELEVENTH.—Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of a special partnership; the word "limited" in connection with a firm name means that a limit of responsibility for each member is fixed.

INEXPERIENCED.—Harelip can be cured if it is taken in time. An operation can be performed on an infant which will almost entirely do away with the disfigurement. There will be always a slight scar; but in a boy it does not signify in these days of hairy faces. The moustache will cover it by-and-by.

MILRAY.—The horse has not half enough work, and he is mad with high spirits. We know a splendid horse that used to dance and play the most dreadful games just as yours does; but he went a little too far at last, and broke his fore-leg while blundering down on to his head. Gives your horse regular work, and he will soon grow disinclined for fooling.

EASTCHEAP.—It has been stated that London is the largest city the world has as yet seen. Rome, although it had a large population, never reached a third of that of London. To give you some idea of the number of inhabitants of that metropolis, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna united would little more than equal it. The present population is about 4,500,000.

JIM.—Tell her plainly if she continues to receive the attentions of others you will cease your visits. Understand, however, you must tell her, and she must know that you mean marriage. If she still refuses to give up the others, you have nothing to do but drop her as it would be plain she did not care for you. Unless a man is engaged to a girl he cannot expect to monopolize her company.

SPECTACLES.—Properly adjusted glasses certainly do strengthen the sight, but if they "strain the sight" they cannot be fit for you. Many people require two sets of glasses—one for outdoor work, and the other for reading and close application. You want to have the glasses supplied to you by an optician who understands your your requirements. Without this you may derive more harm than good from them.

ROSCOE.—"A Roland for an Oliver" is the phrase. There were two of the most famous of Charlemagne's knights, whose exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose the saying of giving one a "Roland for his Oliver" to signify the matching of one incredible lie with another. Each was equal to what the other did; finally they met in single combat, and fought for five consecutive days on an island in the Rhine; the result was a "draw."

FAR AWAY.—1.—The material used in making small castings is moulding or foundry sand. 2. The sand is well moistened; the pattern is then put in and the sand rammed round it, when it is removed, and the mould is allowed to dry. The metal is then poured in. If the sand is kept clean, it can be used several times. If it is necessary to mould in halves, the sand is first moistened hot, and then allowed to cool. 3. There is, to our knowledge, no metal which is lighter than zinc which can be more easily melted.

BACKWARD.—Russia is one of the countries in which the New Style, as our calendar is called, has not been adopted. The errors in the arrangement of the calendar were so many, that, in the year 1582, Pope Gregory the Thirteenth established a new one, in which ten days were omitted. Nearly the whole of Europe has adopted the New Style; the Old still obtains in Russia and the East. Since the year 1900, the difference in the reckoning has been twelve days, making old Christmas Day or Twelfth Day, as it is called, fall upon the sixth of January.

J. B.—Sad to say, there are many thousands of cases like yours. A man who wisely consults with his wife will always do well, unless she happens to be an absolute fool; but one who weakly surrenders his own individuality in the early years of married life is sure to suffer. The exercise of despotism corrupts the best natures. Many a good man has degenerated into a positively noxious being merely because circumstances rendered him too powerful. What chance has a weak woman of keeping her charm or her good sense if she is exalted into a domestic dictator by a doting husband?

SILAS.—There is, strange to say, a difference of etiquette in almost each country to be observed when offering a friend a cigarette or cigar. In England it is customary to hand the cigarette to your friend, light a match, pass it to him, and then help yourself. In Spain and Cuba the cigarette is lighted by the giver, who takes two or three puffs, and then hands it to his friend. An American usually hands his companion a lighted match and then lights his own cigarette from that of his comrade. An Austrian ignites his cigarette and then hands the match to his companion; while in France the lighted match is passed to the friend first.

ANXIETY.—There are thousands who have made the same mistake; and we know nothing more dreadful in the world than the fact that so many good men and women and women seem to fail in prudence where marriage is concerned. You have acted wisely and bravely; you could not prevent yourself from becoming found of an attractive man even after you were engaged for so many years, and you have done well to conquer your feelings. Do not accuse yourself of any sin; you have obeyed the call of honor; you have conquered your own weakness, and your one secret fancy which came to you unawares has nothing in it that is sinful. Go on in complete rectitude as you have hitherto done, and you may account yourself blameless. As your children grow up, your passing inclination will die out, and you will merely join the ranks of those noble women who have learned to command the most strenuous passions of their souls.